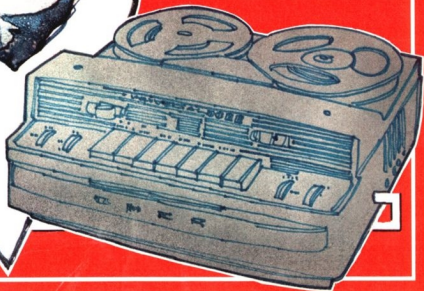


The Secretary and the Tapes

TIME



**Rose Mary
Woods**



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you've heard people asking for all year long.



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Every year it is the pain and pleasure of Senior Editor Timothy Foote, Associate Editor R.Z. Sheppard, and the other members of the Books section to fight their way upstream through a torrent of titles and find, judge and write about the books that are eventually reviewed in *TIME*. "There are some 30,000 new titles published every year," says Foote, "but only about 6,000 are actually submitted for possible review." This week Foote and Sheppard collaborated in producing a section devoted entirely to children's books; it includes an article (by Sheppard) on Maurice Sendak, who has just illustrated a collection of Grimms' fairy tales, a four-page color insert of illustrations by Arthur Rackham, N.C. Wyeth and Peter Spier, plus brief reviews of a few of the year's best juvenile books.

A Phi Beta Kappa from Harvard, Foote has been an English teacher, a foreign correspondent and an associate editor of *LIFE*. He worked in Paris for six years, two of them as editor of *Time Inc.'s* International Book Society, before becoming *TIME's* Books editor in 1968. Foote is still fond of children's books, but feels that what children need in books today is not "blobs and treacle but heroic nourishment, a sense of wonder, and pictures with enough texture and detail to be worth poring over again and again." He remembers "getting up at dawn, creeping into the room where N.C. Wyeth's Scribner's Classics were kept, and long before I could read, brooding over the pictures in *Robinson Crusoe*, *The Boy's King Arthur* and Jules Verne's *Michel Strogoff*."

Like most other book reviewers today, Foote passionately believes that what this country needs is fewer but better books. He once wrote an article urging that each publishing house produce no more books than its editor in chief could personally read in a year and successfully defend at a dinner party of his most literate friends.

In reviewing Sendak's version of Grimms' fairy tales Sheppard found them quite different from the majority of children's stories. "Most books published since 1950," he says, "seem to have been written by moonlighting matchbook copywriters and have all the cultural significance of a between-meals snack." After four years with the now defunct New York *Herald Tribune*, first as a literary editor and then as managing editor of the Book Week supplement, Sheppard joined *TIME* in 1967. Today he samples as many as 30 books per week before choosing the ones he will review. "This week's story is partly a news story," he says, "because Maurice Sendak has risen to such prominence as an illustrator. It is also a review of a book that I don't happen to think is necessarily a children's story. But my main concern is good books—even if they're written for kids."

Ralph P. Davidson

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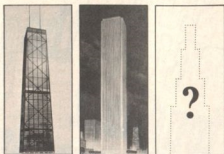
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The plan calls for new and remodeled facilities all over town because the need is all over town. A new Harbor Light Center

and medical clinic on the West Side. New community centers on the South Side. New apartment homes for senior citizens plus a treatment clinic for emotionally disturbed unmarried mothers on the North Side.

If you want to know exactly where Big Sal is located, it's on the Lord's side.

Total cost of the project is \$22,000,000. Hopefully, the Federal government will contribute about one-third of this.

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If you can find room in your heart to build some part of Big Sal, please send your check to Lt. Col. Andrew S. Miller, The Salvation Army, 875 N. Dearborn, Chicago, Illinois 60610.

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THE TEST:

We're challenging 4 of the most educated palates in Chicago to see whether they can determine the difference between 3 leading scotch whiskies and Tullamore Dew,* a whiskey made in Ireland.

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Each participant will be blindfolded. He will be handed a shot of either scotch or Tullamore Dew. He will then be asked to taste it and determine whether it is a scotch or an Irish. He will not be required to distinguish between brands of scotches. A total of 8 shots (4 neat, 4 on the rocks) will comprise the test.

THE PRIZES:

\$5,000 will be donated to the favorite charity of each participant who can correctly identify all 8 shots. If all four participants are correct, a total of \$20,000 will be donated to charity. If no one identifies all 8 shots, \$2,500 will be donated to the favorite charity of the participant (or participants) who gets the most correct answers. Consolation prizes of \$1,000 will be donated to the favorite charities of the runners-up.

THE TESTING CONDITIONS:

All drinks will be poured by a team of bartenders consisting of Joe Johnson, head bartender, Mister Kelly's; Ed Eng, beverage director, Hyatt Regency O'Hare; Al Platt, head bartender, Eli's the place for

steak; and David Bakas, head bartender, Butch McGuire's. The competition will be held in front of a live audience at noon on Dec. 6 in The Ninety-Fifth, the restaurant at the top of the John Hancock Building. Sportscaster Harry Caray will give the shot-by-shot description.

AN OPEN CHALLENGE TO ALL OTHER SCOTCH DRINKERS:

This is an Invitational Competition only. However, if you are not one of the 4 Invitees named above, you can participate in an amateur version of this competition at home or at your favorite bar. Blindfold yourself. Then have someone pour you a shot of scotch and a Tullamore Dew. Sip from one, then another, then sip from one of them a second time. You may notice a difference, but you won't know which one is which. And that's not just an empty claim. That's a statement we've got a lot of money riding on.




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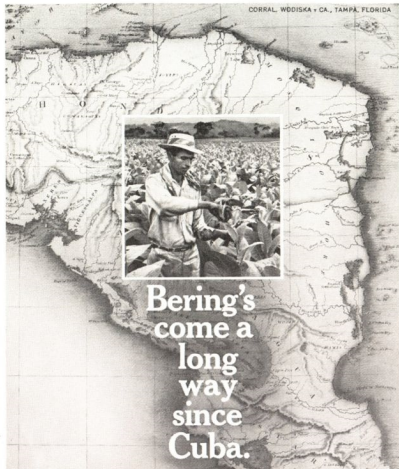
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LETTERS

A Cold Winter

Sir / In your story [Nov. 19] about King Feisal and the energy crisis, you gave a somewhat benevolent description of Feisal; but it seems his powers are not limited only to Saudi Arabia, but rather extend to every country in the world.

In the U.S., which only gets 11% of its oil from the Arabs, the cutoff decree has sent prices up, thermostats down, caused speed limits to be lowered, and prompted suggestions of gasoline rationing. This is minor compared to what could happen to Japan. Europe also is dependent on the Arabs for fuel.

It seems the King will have this power in the future, for even if the U.S. becomes self-sufficient, it is unlikely that we could support all of Europe and Japan.

It looks like a cold winter for us this year, and thanks to the King, many a cold winter to come.

THOMAS WELSHKO
Baltimore

Sir / It is obvious that the Arabs have come of age because they no longer rely on verbal barrage and senseless acts of terrorism to advance their interests.

One cannot help admiring them for realizing that as the Russians understand force, the Americans, and to some extent the West Europeans, understand when they are hit in the pocket.

J.M. MONTLEY
Cherry Hill, N.J.

Sir / Of late I've found fascinating the antics of Western Europe in reaction to the Arab stranglehold on oil. Europe is so quick to disclaim any pro-Israel stance, even to the point of letting a partner, The Netherlands, go cold alone, and this strikes me as very telling of the European mentality and EEC maturity.

A commodity as crucial as oil should not be allowed to become the pawn when the health and welfare of the world depend upon it. One dreams of the day when an effective U.N. could be responsible for the distribution and supply of world essentials, with proper reimbursement to the nation whose boundaries encompass the needed commodity.

DAVID L. HARRIS
Quezon City, Philippines

Sir / As a result of the Arab cutoff of our oil supply, I understand more clearly now the rationale of imperialism.

WILLIAM WALLACE
Fraser, N.Y.

Sir / It is becoming rapidly apparent that there are two commodities being sold in the Middle East: oil and Israel.

RICHARD WEINUN
Los Angeles

Sir / Hail to the rulers of the world—the Arab oil kings.

MARY TOY
Boston

Back to the A Sticker

Sir / Why do those knuckleheads in Washington think that the solution to every crisis is to add another tax?

It would be grossly unfair to thousands of Americans who must use their cars for their livelihood to be taxed as much as 40¢ a gallon for gasoline.

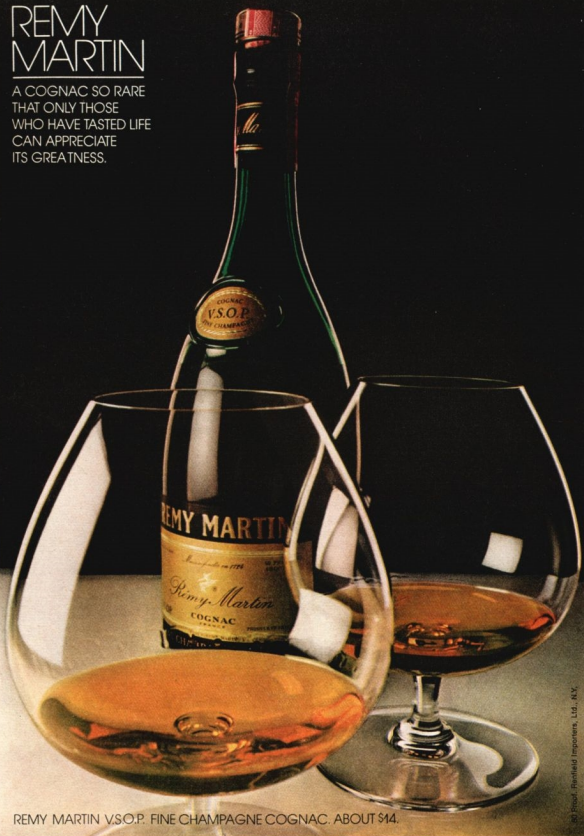
A rationing of available gasoline is the

Don't just make them feel good,
make them feel important.
Give the only vodka imported from Russia.

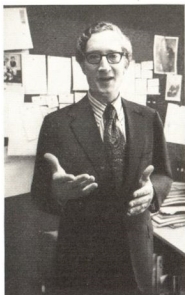


REMY MARTIN

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THAT ONLY THOSE
WHO HAVE TASTED LIFE
CAN APPRECIATE
ITS GREATNESS.



REMY MARTIN V.S.O.P. FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC. ABOUT \$14.

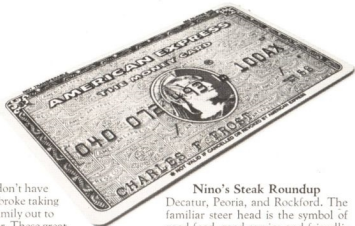


Joseph Hall, Vice President of a major New York bank. Moved from Chicago in early 1960's. Currently lives in a New York City suburb with wife and two children, both of whom are in college. Began investing regularly after friend recommended broker to him. Relies heavily on broker for advice.

"Back in 1963 I had an extra \$10,000. I said, 'Hey, by 1971 I want to send two kids to college with that money.' Well, I'm doing it. What's more, I've still got that \$10,000. And then some. Even with market fluctuations. Sure, I've got some stocks that have dropped this year. But I've got one that's grown 30% or 40%, so it's carrying the others. There's money to be made, even in a down market."

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The Market.

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Chances R

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Hungry Lion

Oakbrook Terrace, 495-0406. An adventure in dining. A steak for lovers. An old English Tudor atmosphere.

Robin Hood Restaurants

Chicago and Arlington Heights. A delightful atmosphere surrounds all locations. Good food and drink.

Beef 'n Barrel

Lombard, Elk Grove, and Schaumburg. Delightful dining in casual atmosphere. Choice beef and wine.

Nino's Steak Roundup

Decatur, Peoria, and Rockford. The familiar steer head is the symbol of good food, good service and friendliness. Western motif.

Dai Ichi

512 South Wabash (Congress and Wabash). 922-5527. Dai Ichi is not a word of self-defense. Dai Ichi is a Japanese food festival. Come and see what it's all about.

Steak and Bake

Peoria, Illinois. 309-685-1055. Steak and lobster. Open every day. Entertainment on Friday and Saturday evenings. "Noted for our salad; make your own."

Ye Old Town Inn

18 W. Busse Avenue, Mt. Prospect. 392-3750. Mainly Italian dishes. Specialty is deep-dish pizza and also your choice of pitchers of wine or beer. Nice pub atmosphere.

Bit o' the Yards

1139 W. 47th Street, Chicago. 254-4882. Old sausage factory converted into restaurant. The bar is made of old butcher blocks. Businessmen's luncheons are the specialty.

AMERICAN EXPRESS

©American Express Company, 1973

LETTERS

only fair way to meet this fuel shortage, I could stand living with an A sticker again, if I must.

MARGARET T. GALLAWAY
Richmond

Sir / Why put down Farmer Dick Shuttleworth with the phrase "Rube Goldberg contraption" when writing about his generation of methane gas from his farm's manure? He is providing power for himself, lessening pollution and, I suspect, getting some really decent fertilizer as a byproduct of his operation.

Those of us who are dependent on the Rube Goldberg contraptions of Government policy and power generation would do well to attempt to copy Dick Shuttleworth's example of self-sufficient living.

C. RUSSELL HORNER
Waretown, N.J.

Sir / It has finally dawned on me why our President maintains the San Clemente and Key Biscayne White Houses. With the upcoming fuel shortages and the upcoming winter season, Mr. Nixon will have two warm homes to which to fly.

I just hope he doesn't expect us to believe that Air Force One is a glider that doesn't use fuel.

JOHN A. GILSON
Augusta, Ga.

Sir / Noting that the military is given first priority on U.S. oil, it looks to me as if the energy crisis were pretty well on its way to solution. We simply use the remaining precious supply to blow each other to smithereens and leave the planet to the aardvark and the scorpion.

JONE GIVEN MAXWELL
Point Richmond, Calif.

Sir / I certainly hope there will be enough electricity around this winter to watch the impeachment proceedings of Richard Nixon on television.

JUDY GOTTSCHALK
Tucson, Ariz.

Debate on the President

Sir / I must commend the writer who created the editorial [Nov. 12]; she or he is a truly great artist. It brought into account every facet of the situation except one, as I see it.

We must consider the reality. Nixon has gone through Watergate, etc., just to become President. To even consider that a maniac this fanatical about power might resign is impossible. I implore you to support impeachment.

CYNIDIE MERTEN
Claremont, Calif.

Sir / I have just gone on the jury of the people against Nixon, and none of the mounting cacophonous insults to the nation listed in your editorial are responsible.

The last straw for many of us lower-middle-class citizens was in the press statement that Nixon paid an income tax of \$750. This gross unfairness in our democratic society hits below the belt.

As a registered nurse, I paid several thousand dollars more in taxes than the President! He uses our taxes to refine his silken palaces, while I worry that our meager savings will not see us through life without having to ask for the help of church or public charities.

MARY S. SEASE, R.N.
Waynesboro, Pa.

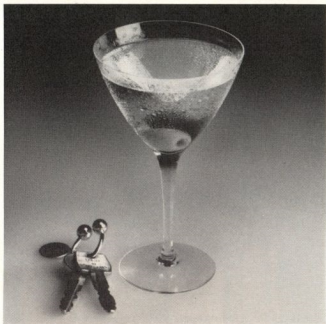
Sir / Whoa! Hold it, TIME, and all you howling hotheads lusting for the President's scalp. Your righteous indignation is blind-



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LETTERS

ing you to the political realities of the national and world situation.

There seems to be a naive belief that just anybody handy could step into the presidency, and everything would be hunky-dory. Do not kid yourself. I would rather see a seasoned veteran with dented and dusty armor in charge during these times of crisis than a well-intentioned but inexperienced Mr. Clean, untutored in the intricacies of the world's most demanding job.

JEROME S. MILLER
Grand Rapids

Sir / The most interesting thing to me about TIME's poll on Nixon and Watergate (Nov. 19) was not how many people wanted him to stay in office or how many wanted him to resign. Rather it was the significant trend in American attitudes toward politics and corruption: 56% said he violated a promise; 68%, he knew of the cover-up; a mere 10% would deny him the privilege to continue in office. Does this not tell us something about what the American people are willing to settle for in their leaders? Perhaps we have finally discovered who is to blame for Watergate.

BENJAMIN C. RIGGS JR.
Orange Park, Fla.

Sir / If Nixon's jury is the people, as you claim, then what happened to the female population? At the most, only three or four of the twelve people on the cover could possibly be women, and I doubt that even they are. For your information, women were given the vote a few years back.

NANCY WILKOWSKI
Gainesville, Fla.

Inner Glow in Oregon

Sirs / Oregon's outdoor lighting ban is not as "desolate" and "dreary" as your writer imagined (Nov. 19). I assure you it is quite

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The real

No single item on our list of national priorities has received more lip service than public transportation.

We face an energy crisis.
Our highways are jammed;
some days they look more
like parking lots than roads.
Most cars have only one
occupant. Downtown streets
are clogged.

We must have improved
buses, new underground
railway systems, monorails.

The programs are costly,
they take decades to plan
and build. But we have
reached a point where there
is no alternative.
Let's get on with it.



artist: alex raymond, "flash gordon," copyright 1939 king features syndicate, inc.

The ideal

Efficient mass transportation systems which move great numbers of people but which are tailored to individuals.

LETTERS

pleasant to be out at night without the glaring light of advertisements and uselessly lit "cityscapes." One is compensated by an inner glow of satisfaction, brought about by the knowledge that we are preparing for an ecological future.

Are the poisonous cities of the East proud of their wasteful glare, which, as far as I can see, serves only to illuminate the haze of the future?

GERALD MACKIE
Eugene, Ore.

Preference for Pretty Girls

Sir / My attention has been drawn to your People section [Nov. 19].

I am surprised at the combination of ignorance and impertinence that such a distinguished artist as Martha Graham displays in assessing my "notions of the purpose of dance." I have never met the lady, and we never had any discussions about my notions or anything else. I would not presume to guess Miss Graham's notions about opera; in fact, I am unaware that she ever came.

But I do readily admit that in dance I prefer pretty girls to old ladies.

SIR RUDOLF BING
New York City

The Brightest and the Best

Sir / The observation in "Awaiting a Stable Marriage" [Nov. 19] that Princess Anne's Mark Phillips is not too bright is most interesting.

Considering that he got the "best catch" in England, a huge increase in yearly income, very likely a title, became a worldwide celebrity overnight, and will be

able to start housekeeping in a five-bedroom house at Sandhurst says a great deal for his lack of intelligence.

BRUCE STUCK
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Man of the Year

Sir / Man of the Year? Senator Sam Ervin. He has done his careful best to preserve the American system in the face of almost overwhelming lawlessness.

DAN G. KENT
Dallas

Sir / I hereby nominate Richard Nixon for Time's Man of the Year.

Those individuals previously recognized managed to influence world events in profound ways, whether for good or evil. Nixon did both in one year.

MICHAEL M. DUDEK
Olyphant, Pa.

Sir / Let me be among the first to nominate Henry Kissinger as Man of the Year. I am sure he will be one of the rare individuals who will be given this honor for two consecutive years.

BEHRAM D. IRANI
Tehran

Sir / For Woman of the Year I nominate Julie Nixon Eisenhower. Her courage, integrity, charm and poise overshadow all who are involved in Watergate or the Senate hearings.

MARY TURNER
Tempe, Ariz.

Sir / Why not, at this dirty tricks' point in time, distinguish the incorruptible and always operative Ralph Nader as TIME's Man

of the Year? Would it not be a priceless gift from TIME to begin the new year with an image of decency before us?

ANN LIPOVAC
Chicago

Sir / I nominate for Man of the Year the watchdog of the public trust, Jack Anderson. He deserves to be recognized for insisting upon honesty in Government and public service.

WILLIAM G. GIST
Bloomington, Ind.

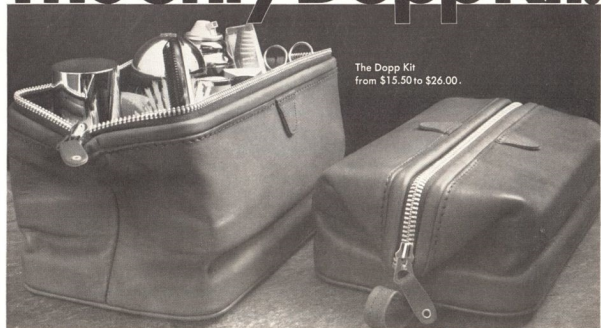
Sir / For obvious reasons, I nominate Robert Woodward and Carl Bernstein of the Washington Post for Men of the Year.

CLAUDE E. DAWSON
San Francisco

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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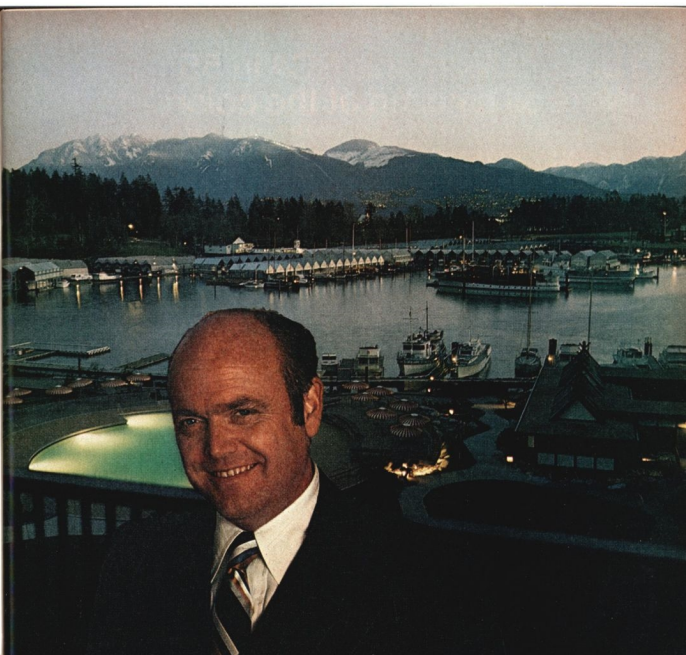
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James A. Pattison, Chairman and President, Neonex International Ltd., on the balcony, International Suite, Bayshore Inn, Vancouver.

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"I bought Mom this RCA in '55. We're all amazed at the color!"

Mr. Robert DePopolo, Newton, Mass.



Old Reliable.

Actual closed-circuit reception on sets above

The DePopolo family is just one of the many families we've come across who are still enjoying their old reliable RCA color sets. In this case, three generations have enjoyed the color on this 18-year-old set. And Mrs. DePopolo says, "I sometimes think my grandson, Joey, is going to be showing the set to his kids."

We're glad the DePopolos are still enjoying their set. But wait 'til they see the latest RCA achievement, the new RCA XL-100 solid state sets.

To prove our point we asked some

electrical engineering students who bought an XL-100 last year to tell us what they think of one of this year's XL-100s. "The color is unbelievable!", was one comment. It's the most brilliant color in RCA history. For example: on most 25" diagonal consoles, RCA's Super AccuColor black matrix picture tube and 100% solid state chassis deliver a picture that's a full 50% brighter than our comparable XL-100 color sets of last year.



New more brilliant color

Solid state reliability and tuning ease, too.

Len Meisner, another student, told us, "When we decided that we really needed a new set, we shopped around and looked at a lot of sets and we picked out the RCA XL-100. It is really the best we have seen. . . . Of course, RCA XL-100 is 100% solid state, so it's a very reliable set." One of the reasons is RCA XL-100 sets have tough plug-in AccuCircuit® modules. And all chassis tubes, a major cause of TV repairs, have been eliminated.

"We rate the new RCA XL-100 color tops."

Kappa Eta Kappa, electrical engineering fraternity, University of Wisconsin.



New Reliable.

photographed separately under controlled lighting. XL-100 console shown, model GS723.

Phil Gershwil, President of the fraternity, likes the new tuning ease—"I think there is a lot of simplicity now in the controls... more things automatically built in." What works so well for Phil is RCA's automatic tuning, AccuMatic IV.

More TV experts own RCA.

Our young friends have joined the many TV professionals who own RCA color TV. *The truth is, based on recent nationwide samples, more top TV cameramen, more TV chief engineers, more TV directors and more independ-*

ent TV service technicians own RCA than any other color TV. And more people own RCA XL-100 than any other solid state color TV.

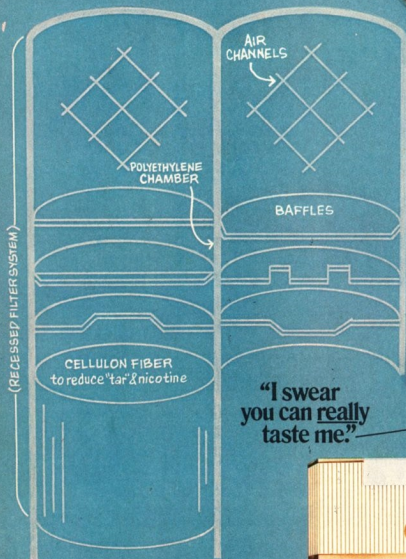
Isn't it time you looked at an XL-100 for your house? There are more than 50 XL-100 models, in all the popular screen sizes, with a variety of features. Almost all RCA XL-100s have RCA's best picture tubes plus AccuMatic IV, RCA's advanced tuning. Choose yours soon. All are backed by the RCA Purchaser Satisfaction Program.

RCA is color you can count on.

THE NEW XL-100

RCA

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"I swear you can really taste me."



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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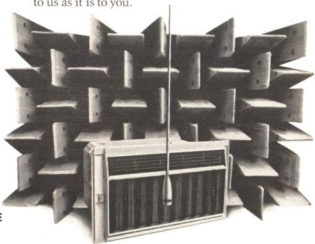


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A good appliance is built to be seen and not heard.

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GENERAL  ELECTRIC

AMERICAN NOTES

Confidence

Watergate has taken its toll of the national innocence, but just how severely has been difficult to document. Now, in a study of public opinion released this week by the Senate Subcommittee on Intergovernmental Relations, it is reported that 55% of the 1,596 Americans questioned feel "alienated and disenchanted"; only 29% felt such a malaise in 1966. Heading the list of institutions that have fallen into disfavor is the Executive Branch of the Federal Government. Its credibility was rated 41% in 1966; today that figure has plummeted to 19%. As late as May 1972, only 5% of the populace were concerned about integrity in government; today 43% are.

In order to reverse such trends, a

SCRAWLED—PALM BEACH POST



Ancient Mariner Nixon and albatross.

minimal level of national confidence needs to be restored to a cynically looking public, who just now may be feeling intolerably "wised up"—but no wiser. Did the group polled see any hope? Surprisingly enough, the answer is yes. Fully 86% of the sample felt that the Federal Government could be well run, despite whatever momentary disillusion they may have expressed. In other words, an inspiring leader could still depend on a bedrock of confidence among Americans.

Giving to the Government

Americans paid \$100 billion in personal federal income taxes for the past fiscal year, and most citizens probably feel that was more than enough. There are others, however, who wish to go beyond what they are legally bound to pay their Government, and they make outright gifts in the form of bequests, donations or nagging "conscience" money for an unforgotten bit of Government bliking.

No one knows how much money has been given over the years because the total has never been officially tabulated, but by one reckoning the Department of the Treasury has collected more than \$43 million dollars since 1862. That does not include gifts given directly to other departments, nor does it include gifts designated by the donor to reduce the national debt, to aid the national defense, or to support Washington's Kennedy Center. In fiscal 1973, conscience-fund contributions alone came to \$52,000, though the amount varies widely from year to year. In fiscal 1960 it was \$103,000.

Reasons for giving are unaccountably various. One 81-year-old man calculated the national debt, divided the figure by the number of citizens, and came up with \$1,825. He decided that was his share of the burden, and sent the Government precisely that amount. A woman left \$17,761.19 to the Government in her will "for the partial construction of an airplane bomber." Many contributors like to remain anonymous. Last March, for instance, a \$1,000 bill arrived at the IRS center in Covington, Ky., with a note that read simply: "Somewhere along the line I short-changed you."

Takeoff

In the cool Southern California evening, a Van Nuys housewife last week shed all of her clothes, slipped out of her house, and began running through the San Fernando Valley streets. She was eventually seen loping through a small public park, but before she could be caught she had disappeared into the night, another statistic in a growing Los Angeles-area fad: streaking. Streakers generally race nude between two unpredictable points, and the idea is catching on among college students and other groups.

Few streakers are reported to police, who are not overly concerned anyway, but passers-by have been shaken by the spectacle several times in the past

few weeks, and no one knows where they might strike next. Richard Kimball, a disc jockey for radio station KMET, is trying to correct that by broadcasting "streaker alerts" for Angelinos; when a racing nudist is spotted, listeners phone in their reports. Why do streakers streak? "By being unashamed of his body, a streaker can be unashamed of himself," says Shelley Duval, an assistant professor of psychology at the University of Southern California. But if an arrest occurs, "the guilt over nudity returns."

Helping Out

Henry Dietrich earns a modest \$125 a week at his job exercising horses at a race track not far from his Broward County home in Davie, Fla. When doctors told him that his oldest son Jody, 6, was suffering from a serious heart defect that would require treatment costing \$2,500, Dietrich was hard pressed to come up with the money. What's more, he apparently misunderstood hospital administrators when they told him that they would appreciate a deposit before admitting his son. They were not demanding any money in advance, they said later. But no matter, Dietrich told friends about his plight, and a women's service sorority promptly set up the Jody Dietrich Heart Surgery Fund.

The fund languished, however, until last week, when a thin blonde woman in her early 20s walked into Davie's Sterling National Bank, mumbled something to a secretary, and left a package addressed to Robert Ruckman, the bank's president and the chief collector for the fund. In the package were \$2,000 in twenty, fifty and one hundred dollar bills and a letter explaining the gift: "What the hell is happening in this country when a six-year-old child needs life-saving surgery and is denied treatment because some hospital demands a down payment on the inherent right he was born with to health and happiness? We are enclosing \$2,000, which we hope will give Jody Dietrich at least a small shot at life, and we soundly condemn people in the system who made this action on our part necessary, although we do it gladly."

The letter was signed Cannabis Rex for the Broward Marijuana Dealers Association. Such charity by the counter-culture set is not new (TIME, Sept. 17), but one could wonder at the reaction in the upper councils of the association when the organization learns what Jody Dietrich hopes to grow up to be: a policeman.



ROSE MARY WOODS RE-ENACTS "MISTAKE," KEEPING FOOT ON PEDAL WHILE ANSWERING PHONE (RECORDER IS AT FAR LEFT)

THE CRISIS/COVER STORY

The Secretary and the Tapes Tangle

"Next to a man's wife, his secretary is the most important person in his career. She has to understand every detail of his job; to have unquestioning loyalty and absolute discretion. On every count Rose measures up. I'm a lucky man."

—Richard Nixon, in a press interview, 1957

"The buttons said on and off, forward and backward. I caught on to that fairly fast. I don't think I'm so stupid as to erase what's on a tape."

—Rose Mary Woods, in court testimony, Nov. 8, 1973

Precisely because her loyalty to her boss has never been questioned and she never makes stupid errors, Rose Mary Woods was deeply enmeshed last week in the Watergate toils that have touched the lives of so many who tied their careers to Richard Nixon's political fate. The President's personal and personable secretary sat uncomfortably in a Washington federal courtroom and told a confused and tangled story of how she had, after all, made "a terrible mistake." Contrary to her testimony of Nov. 8, she said that she apparently had pushed the wrong button on a recorder and erased a potentially crucial portion of one of Nixon's Watergate-related tape recordings.

By raising new doubts and suspicions, Miss Woods' testimony sharply nipped any budding success of the President's ongoing Operation Candor,

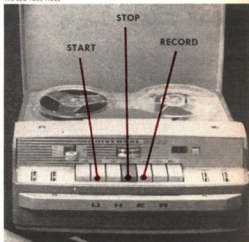
which is aimed at explaining away his multiple Watergate woes. Her statements posed a new threat to Nixon's survival in office. For if Miss Woods' story is shown to be untrue, the inescapable conclusion would be that at least one of the subpoenaed Nixon tapes has been deliberately and criminally altered. Since the President has sworn that those recordings were in "my sole personal control," he presumably would be legally responsible for any such destruction of evidence.

Scientific Scrutiny. As the President's attorneys finally delivered some of those subpoenaed tapes to Federal Judge John J. Sirica, a new phase began in the legal controversy over whether Nixon was innocent of any knowledge of the wiretapping of Democratic National Committee headquarters in June 1972, and of the many efforts of his closest aides to conceal the higher origins of that crime. Now the critical question of whether a cover-up might even still be in progress can be subjected to scientific scrutiny. Technical experts disagree on their proficiency at detecting tape alterations. But they very likely can determine whether the mysterious tone that obliterated a crucial conversation on one of those tapes came about precisely as Miss Woods said it did.

In Judge Sirica's court last week, Miss Woods testified that she must have been responsible for at least 4½ minutes of a raspy, overriding hum on the

tape of a talk between Nixon and H.R. Haldeman, then his Chief of Staff, on June 20, 1972, just three days after the Watergate burglary. Archibald Cox, the fired Watergate special prosecutor, had asked for the tape last July 23, contending that "the inference is almost irresistible" that Haldeman and former Domestic Affairs Adviser John Ehrlichman had reported to Nixon on that day whatever they knew about the Watergate wiretapping operation. Further, said Cox, Haldeman and Ehrlichman

THE NEW YORK TIMES



UHER RECORDER MODEL USED BY MISS WOODS
"I am dreadfully sorry."

THE NATION

"may well have received instructions" from the President on how to handle the affair.

Through three months of an extraordinary struggle in the courts, Nixon resisted subpoenas for his tapes, yielding only when he seemed in imminent danger of being cited for contempt of court if he did not. Then the nine subpoenaed tapes dwindled like nine little Indians. The number slipped to seven when the White House contended that two were "nonexistent." Nixon claimed that one of them—a telephone call on June 20, 1972 to John Mitchell, then re-election committee chief—was not taped because he had placed it from his White House living quarters, on a phone that had no taping apparatus. Another conversation with former White House Counsel John Dean on April 15 was not secretly recorded because, Nixon says, the equipment ran out of tape.

Of the remaining seven tapes, the one at the center of attention last week was rendered apparently useless by the blanked-out conversation with Haldeman. Two other tapes, Nixon argues, should be withheld from the Watergate grand jury because of special executive-privilege considerations. Sirica ordered that arguments on this claimed privilege be held this week, sending the remaining four tapes on to the Watergate grand jury.

Self-Assured. It was during Sirica's hearings on whether two of the tapes could not be produced at all that Rose Mary Woods, 55, publicly entered the controversy on Nov. 8 for the first time. In her first court appearance of a long career in high-pressure politics, she was self-assured. She was also testy and openly antagonistic toward her questioner: Jill Wine Volner, 30, a persistent courtroom lawyer and member of the Watergate special prosecutor's staff. Miss Woods, her green eyes flashing with Irish indignation, grimaced at what she considered repetitive questioning, shook her head, pointed a finger at Mrs. Volner and spoke sarcastically. Could Miss Woods have accidentally erased anything?

Miss Woods: I think I used every possible precaution.

Mrs. Volner: What precautions?

Miss Woods: I used my head—the only one I had to use.

The secretary was drawn reluctantly back into Sirica's courtroom last week after an embarrassed and nervous White House counsel, J. Fred Buzhardt, told the judge on Nov. 21 that 18 minutes of Nixon's June 20 conversation with Haldeman was totally obscured by a persistent hum. At the time Buzhardt said that neither he nor Government technicians could explain how the noise had originated. But last week he said that an explanation had been found, and that Miss Woods would provide it.

Meanwhile, the President's secretary had been curiously abandoned by White House lawyers, who had appeared with her before in court. She ex-

plained that Alexander Haig, Nixon's Chief of Staff, had advised her to hire her own attorney. Ostensibly, this might have been wise because she could be in danger of personal indictment for any conflict with her previous testimony. She hired Charles S. Rhyne, a former president of the American Bar Association. The break also seemed to signal some potential disagreement between the secretary and the White House lawyers. Last week Miss Woods reappeared in court, and Rhyne was conspicuously present. When Mrs. Volner linked Rhyne with the other White House attorneys, he jumped up and declared: "I don't want to be associated with White House counsel. I'm a private lawyer."

On the stand, Miss Woods was far more subdued and apologetic than before, but still combative at times. She was jolted by Mrs. Volner's opening reminder that she had a constitutional right to remain silent, and that anything she said could possibly be used against her in future proceedings. Yet she remained cool enough to display her wit. Asked why she hired Rhyne, she replied with a smile: "There aren't many attorneys left around town."

Miss Woods explained that on the weekend of Sept. 29 and 30 she had worked at Camp David to transcribe some of the subpoenaed tapes for Nixon's use and possible transmittal to the court. She played the recordings back on a Sony 800B portable tape recorder—the same model used to make the President's office recordings. Since her machine had no foot pedal, she had to press various buttons to reverse and replay portions of the tapes. She found the job hard, she said, because there were loud sounds on the tapes, and the speakers' voices often overlapped. She testified that Nixon dropped in to see how she was doing. "He pushed a button back and forth and said, 'I don't see how you're getting any of this.' " She labored for some 29 hours on just one conversation—between Nixon and Ehrlichman on June 20.

She returned to her office in the White House the following Monday, Oct. 1, to complete work on the tape. Now she had a West German Uher 5000 recorder. It was equipped with a foot pedal, which can advance the tape—but only when constant pressure is applied. A foot-operated switch on the side of the pedal also permits a rapid rewinding of the tape for replaying a portion. She had completed transcribing the Ehrlichman conversation, she said, when the tape ran on into Haldeman's talk with the President—a portion, she testified, that Haig had told her was not under subpoena. The last she heard, she said, was a chat between Haldeman and Nixon about Ely, Nev., Pat Nixon's birthplace.

Then it happened. Her telephone,

WALTER DATES—WASHINGTON STAR NEWS



ROSE MARY WOODS WITH ARTHUR BURNS

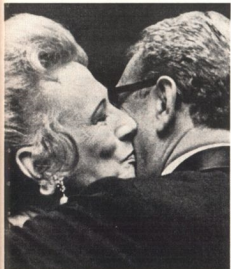
behind her and at arm's length to her left, rang. She took off her earphones with both her hands, reached for the stop button with her right hand but by mistake must have hit the record button, which is next to the stop button but of a lighter gray color. With her left hand she reached back for the phone, cradled it under her chin and talked to the caller—although she could not remember who it was. She estimated the length of the call variously from 4½ to 6 minutes. Throughout, she said at first, she kept her left foot on the pedal. She agreed with Mrs. Volner that she could have stopped the recorder by merely lifting her foot. "Then why did you push the button?" asked Mrs. Volner. "Because I've done it both ways," Miss Woods replied. In any event, when both the record button and the pedal are depressed, any sound on the tape is erased.

Explaining that she did not notice the reels turning because the top of the recorder was closed, Miss Woods said that she discovered her error only when she hung up the phone and then listened to the tape. She was horrified to hear the loud hum instead of conversation. She said she rushed right into the Oval Office and told Nixon. "I've made a terrible mistake. I accidentally pushed the record button and part of the tape is empty." He replied: "Don't worry about it. It's not a subpoenaed tape."

Not important? As her reason for not having earlier told the court about the gap in the tape, Miss Woods also relied on that odd White House belief that the Haldeman part of the conversation was not wanted by the Special Prosecutor. Asked Judge Sirica solemnly: "Didn't you think it was important to tell everything you knew?" Replied Miss Woods: "I can only say that I am dreadfully sorry." Sirica ordered that her earlier denials of any mistake be reread from the record. After hearing them she said: "I can only say again, I did work very hard over the whole weekend. Sure,



WITH HOSPITALIZED BOSS (TREATED FOR KNEE INFECTION) IN 1960 CAMPAIGN



WITH HENRY KISSINGER
She's good with ice cubes.

I sounded a little cocky there ... I can offer no excuse.

The most dramatic moment in the court session came when Mrs. Volner asked Miss Woods to re-enact her motions as the "mistake" was made. The secretary quickly demonstrated how she had turned slightly away from her typewriter, made a long stretch, and reached for the phone. Looking down, Mrs. Volner said dryly: "You took your foot off the pedal, didn't you?" Indeed she had lifted her foot. Flustered, Miss Woods declared: "Yes, that's just because I'm here and not doing anything else."

Later, Miss Woods began to qualify her explanation. She was no longer entirely sure that she had kept her foot on the pedal ("People keep telling me I must have"). At worst, she would take responsibility for only the first five minutes or so of the overriding noise, the period while she was speaking on the phone. She did not know where the other 13 minutes of disturbance came from.

She bristled when Mrs. Volner termed the interval "an erasure." "You may call it an erasure—I call it a gap," protested Miss Woods. Later she testified she was not at all certain there had been any conversation under the noise. "I never heard any words on that segment," she said.

The Uher company's representatives and other experts immediately challenged Miss Woods' testimony. The Uher 5000 recorder, claimed Frank Larkin, sales manager of the West Coast distributor of the equipment, is "designed to be fail-safe—you have to do two things simultaneously to erase. I just can't conceive that a woman who has the intelligence to be the secretary for the Chief Executive of the U.S. could make such a mistake." Pearl Neier, a Manhattan legal secretary, echoed the view of many other experienced secretaries: "I can't conceive of how she could have erased that tape without doing it deliberately—I don't care if it was a button or a pedal that she had to push." Asked if he believed the Woods account, a former high official of the Republican National Committee scoffed: "Does anybody?"

A part of the controversial tape was played in the courtroom. The quality was surprisingly poor, with much of the conversation between Nixon and Ehrlichman indistinguishable. Nixon was heard to remark: "In the '68 campaign the press was violently pro-Humphrey." After Haldeman entered, the hum began. It was a steady sound that did not waver in its medium-high pitch. But after 5½ minutes the hum suddenly became softer, and some sporadic clicks could be heard for 13 minutes.

The White House submitted some notes said to be taken by Haldeman on his June 20 conversation with Nixon. They revealed that the only discussion of Watergate occurred just after the chit-chat about Ely—and where the hum began. Said Haldeman's notes: "What is our counterattack? PR [public relations] offensive to top this. Hit the opposition w/their activities ... Do they

justify this less than stealing Pentagon Papers ...? We should be on the attack for diversion."

Like Miss Woods, White House Attorney Buzhardt was also pressed hard when he took the stand and was questioned by Watergate prosecutors. Often pleading a lack of memory, he finally conceded under questioning that he had first learned in early or mid-October that there was some difficulty with the Haldeman portion of the tape, although he claimed not to have been aware of the full 18-minute problem until mid-November. His reason, too, for not telling the court about this much sooner was that he thought the Haldeman conversation was not under subpoena. Sirica seemed openly skeptical. The subpoena had asked for the tape of a "meeting of June 20, 1972 in the President's Executive Office Building office involving Richard Nixon, John Ehrlichman and H.R. Haldeman from 10:30 a.m. to noon (time approximate)." Cox amended the subpoena on Aug. 13 to make it unmistakably clear, extending the time covered from 10:30 a.m. to 12:45 p.m. and noting "Ehrlichman and then Haldeman went to see the President."

Rehearsing Testimony. The courtroom scene turned tense again when Rhyme was allowed to question Buzhardt. He established that neither Buzhardt nor White House Attorney Leonard Garment had actually represented Miss Woods at her first court appearance, but were representing the President. Garment interjected to agree. Then Rhyme said flatly that Garment and another White House counsel, Samuel Powers, "had spent hours rehearsing her on her testimony." Garment immediately objected to the term "rehearsing"—and Sirica called all the attorneys to confer for some 25 minutes at his bench. Without explanation, Buzhardt then was excused from the stand.

The animosity between attorneys was evident throughout the week's hearings. Rhyme seemed strangely friendly with Prosecutor Richard Ben-Veniste,



S. YERGEN/THE NEW YORK TIMES

JAMES BRACE—ALAN DATA

WHITE HOUSE'S J. FRED BUZHARDT; PROSECUTOR JILL WINE VOLNER

ROSE MARY WOODS' LAWYER CHARLES RHYNE
Few attorneys left in town.

who had interrogated Buzhardt. Several times when Garment or Buzhardt raised objections, Rhyne, seated at a table apart from them, muttered: "Those sons of bitches." Just what the estrangement means in terms of Miss Woods' relationship with the President in the whole tapes tangle was not yet clear. But she obviously was not taking the rap for the full obliteration of the Haldeman tape as it apparently had been assumed she would.

Humble Beginnings. There was a certain poignancy in her predicament. Early in the first Nixon Administration, Miss Woods openly mistrusted the tactics of some of the Nixon aides, notably Haldeman, whose insensitivities contributed to the Watergate excesses. Now she, too, seemed caught in the morass.

Until recently, she was the envy of secretaries throughout the land—a spunky, hard-working woman who had risen high from humble beginnings. The daughter of a second-generation Irish American who worked in a pottery fac-

tory, Rose Mary Woods grew up in Sebring, Ohio (pop. 5,000), and learned her stenography in high school. Except for Older Brother Joe, who became an FBI agent and is now a member of the board of commissioners in Illinois' Cook County, her other brother and two sisters still live in Mahoning County, Ohio. Rose Mary also seemed content to stay near home: her first job was with the Royal China Co., her father's employer. But after the death of a beau and a personal bout with cancer, which she beat, she decided in 1943 to move to Washington. She landed a secretarial post on Congressman Christian Herter's select committee studying the Marshall Plan, a job that put her near many politicians. One of them was Freshman Congressman Richard Nixon.

The future President hired Miss Woods as his secretary in 1951, shortly after he moved to the Senate. She has been his indispensable office aide ever since, through all the crises, through all the winning and losing campaigns, the out-of-office years in California and New York in the 1960s, the official trips to South America, Western Europe, the Soviet Union and China. More than anyone outside his immediate family, Rose Mary knew what Nixon was thinking. She knew who was welcome on the telephone, which guests should be invited (or not invited) to the White House church services or to a party.

Though Miss Woods uncomplainingly followed Nixon to California and New York in his years out of office, friends doubt that she was very happy in that period. "I used to go to see Nixon at his New York law office regularly," says one. "And there was Rose, stuck away in a little cubbyhole office, typing his letters. She was really unhappy—she loved to have old friends stop in and gossip about everything that was going on in politics." The President's comeback, like all his ups and downs, was a deeply felt personal triumph for Miss Woods. Standing in the House gallery as he delivered his first State of the Union message in 1969—which she had

typed for him—she savored the moment. "All of a sudden, there he was—and there I was," she later told friends.

Like many a wise secretary, she has influenced her boss by telling him—sometimes with an informal remark, sometimes with a frown or a smile—what people, publications or even policies she likes. But Nixon's politics are her politics. "She is a totally devoted servant," says a longtime Nixon observer. "She would have been just as devoted to Richard Nixon if he had run on a Democratic or Socialist ticket." Loyalty pays, of course. She was one of the few Nixon aides ever to win a battle against Haldeman. When the White House Chief of Staff in 1969 tried to move her out of an office that opened directly into the Oval Office, she promptly—and successfully—went over his head and maintained her access.

Co-workers of Miss Woods are unanimous in their high regard for her. "She is, without question, one of the most decent persons on the White House staff," says a former colleague. "In a group of hard-boiled types, who then prided themselves on their superefficiency, she had heart and warmth, and she would go out of her way to help you out on a problem."

Great Girl. Unmarried, Miss Woods dotes on nephews and nieces, both her own and the two whom she has informally adopted, Julie and Tricia. On trips abroad she and Pat Nixon have extended wardrobes by exchanging clothes (both are size 10), and she often dines with the Nixon family. But Miss Woods manages to keep up a life of her own as well. Her \$36,000 salary as Executive Assistant and Personal Secretary to the President allows her to live in an expensive co-op in the Watergate apartment complex.

Her kitchen is equipped with three ovens, though a frequent escort, Washington Advertising Executive Robert Gray, observes, "She doesn't cook, but she's good with ice cubes." Continues Gray: "Rose is a great girl, but she's a lousy date." One-third of an evening with her, he complains amiably, is preempted by interlopers who want to get messages through to the President. Though Rose politely takes them, says Gray, "she would rather dance than anything." When no dancing partner is available, the auburn-haired, matronly secretary has been known to take to the dance floor by herself, dancing solo to an orchestra's fiery tango rhythm. At home she often listens to music, using what a frequent visitor describes as "a really good tape system."

Though her usually sunny disposition makes her probably the most universally well-liked and respected person in the Nixon inner staff, she has a temper. She has flashed it in Judge Sirica's courtroom, and against politicians and journalists who criticized Nixon. During a recent Nixon press conference that she watched on television in her apartment, she sprang out of her chair and shouted

Taylor Wine presents The Answer Grape.

With answers to questions about champagne.

Q. In champagne, what's the difference between "brut" and "dry"?

A. These are classifications for the relative degree of dryness of champagne. Curiously enough, "brut" is drier than "dry."

I suggest you try each and let your own preference be your guide. Both are excellent.

Q. What's the best way to remove a champagne cork?

A. Most premium champagnes, like Taylor, have cork closures, and this is an area where many people make a mistake.

They try to pull the cork out of the bottle.

Actually, you should *twist the bottle off the cork*.

Hold the bottle at an angle pointed away from you, grasp the cork firmly and twist the bottle in one direction. You'll find the cork rises from the bottle as gently as a champagne bubble.

Q. When is it appropriate to serve champagne?

A. Unfortunately, many people have the misconception that champagne is solely for "special occasions."

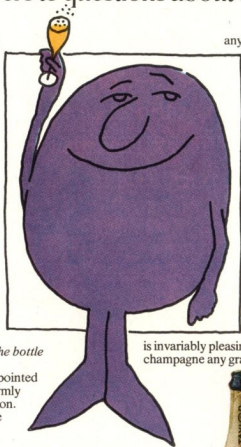
In fact, champagne is immensely enjoyable

any time. And, unlike many still wines, which go only with certain foods, champagne goes well with anything.

Personally, I find that drinking a fine champagne like Taylor at meals lends a pleasant, civilized note to these otherwise humdrum times.

Q. There is such an incredible number of different champagnes. How do you know you're getting the "right" one?

A. Actually, there are many excellent premium champagnes, both imported and American. But the one that's America's favorite premium champagne is Taylor. And I must say that I approve. Taylor New York State Champagne is invariably pleasing, unquestionably superb. It is a champagne any grape would be proud to be part of.



Taylor Champagne
Recommended by The Answer Grape.

Get away from rough taste.

Get into the smooth taste
of extra coolness. Only KOOL
with pure menthol has it.

Come up to KOOL.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



13 mg. tar,
1.0 mg. nicotine

Now, lowered tar KOOL Milds

Milds, 13 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine; Kings, 16 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine;
Longs, 17 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Sept. '73

epithets at the on-screen newsmen whose questions she considered impertinent. As the Watergate drama unfolds, a major question is just what might be the limits of the secretary's loyalty to her boss of nearly a quarter-century.

Last week's testimony before Judge Sirica raised bothersome questions. If White House Attorney Buzhardt learned of the trouble with the Haldeman tape in early or mid-October, why did he at first claim in court that the problem had only been discovered on Nov. 14? If Nixon knew about it on Oct. 1, why did he assure a conference of Republican Governors on Nov. 20 that all of the remaining tapes were "audible"? And why did no one from the White House inform the court much earlier?

A still more urgent question was whether the crucial 18 minutes of humming from the Haldeman tape could have been caused by what some Washington cynics have dubbed "Rose Mary's boo-boo." Apart from the fact that she would only take the blame for part of that gap, could her actions with the recorder have created such a noise at all?

Ample Time. Buzhardt said that, without informing Miss Woods, he had used her recorder and re-created the overriding noise. On blank tape, one hum level was created, he said, when the secretary's electric typewriter and her Tensor lamp were both turned on; a different hum resulted when only the lamp burned. The recorder's internal circuitry was apparently capable of picking up the electrical "noise" from current flowing through the lamp and typewriter. Other experimenters claim to have duplicated a similar noise on tape when using similar equipment.

For the White House, however, the biggest problem with Miss Woods' testimony is that she insists that she could not have caused the full 18-minute noise. Thus someone else might have deliberately completed the obliteration of the Haldeman conversation. There certainly would have been ample time for any such tampering between Miss Woods' revelation to Nixon on Oct. 1 that she had made a mistake and Buzhardt's public revelation of the problem in court on Nov. 21.

A Government tapes expert consulted by TIME believes that there was such an alteration. This expert, who has done considerable bugging, wiretapping and taping for the Government, also raises the possibility that the tape submitted to the court might not be the original recording but a copy. It might have been made in a bungled attempt to alter and then splice parts of the initial tape. To this expert, the telltale sign is the series of clicks during the hum. Clicks, he reports, are produced when unskilled tamperers try to cut and splice tape. The buzzing sound then might even have been introduced to try to conceal the earlier attempt at deception.

Sirica has asked a panel of experts to examine the tapes. Selected by both the White House and the prosecutors,

the panel includes some of the nation's most sophisticated sound and recording experts.* Last week the controversial June 20 tape reel was carried to New York City in a steel box to prevent any possible interference by magnetic fields. Six fully armed U.S. marshals escorted it on a train. It will be examined at the laboratories of the Federal Scientific Corp. in West Harlem. Also transported were the Uher tape recorder and Miss Woods' Tensor lamp and electric typewriter. The experts, who are expected to present preliminary findings to Sirica within two weeks, almost certainly will be able to determine whether Miss Woods' office equipment was capable of producing all or part of the recorded noise.

Some other experts consulted by TIME are confident that the skills of scientists in detecting tape alterations run well ahead of the talents of all but the most ingenious tamperers. Particularly through the use of spectral analysis techniques, in which various sound frequencies on a tape can be separated and studied, these experts believe that any heavyhanded deception can be exposed.

One group of scientists at the University of Arkansas reports in a paper that "any alteration of the White House tapes could be detected in a timely fashion." The ear can be fooled and so can the oscilloscope (a device that can depict sound waves as electronically-generated graphs). But the spectral analysis may well determine whether a given recorder produced a specific recording, whether a tape has been cut or edited, whether it is an original or a copy. Any change in microphones or acoustical conditions would be suspect. Since a recorder gradually heats up as it plays, any sudden shift in temperature leaves a magnetic pattern on tape that might tip off an analyst to tampering.

Nail Down. Physicist Alan V. Larson, who helped write the Arkansas paper, insists that the panel of experts will be able to either "verify or challenge" Miss Woods' version of what happened. "They'll nail her right down," he predicts. Other experts are not so certain. Kenneth Stevens, a professor at M.I.T., agrees that "an amateurish" tampering job could be readily detected, but he is not sure that the panel will be able to say with certainty whether a specific tape has been altered.

The scientists widely suggest that the White House could help considerably by turning over a random sampling of a dozen or so of its other secret tapes for comparison with those under study. If the subpoenaed tapes show a different sound quality than the other tapes, the detection teams would have reason for suspicion and further study.

*Richard H. Bolt, chairman of Bolt Beranek & Newman Inc., sound experts; Franklin S. Cooper, president of Haskins Laboratories; James L. Flanagan, head of acoustics research at Bell Telephone Laboratories; John G. McKnight, audio and magnetic recording consultant; Thomas G. Stockham Jr., computer science professor at the University of Utah; and Mark R. Weis, vice president for acoustics research of Federal Scientific Corp.

One problem revealed by Buzhardt about the subpoenaed tapes will also be examined by the technical panel. He said that there are often silent spots, and he attributes them to the voice-actuated recorders monitoring the President's offices. They could be triggered by other sounds, such as a passing truck or the ticking of a clock, even though no conversation was taking place. Ben-Veniste said the silences were several minutes long. Yet persons familiar with the White House system contend that it shuts off automatically if no additional sound is heard within about 10 seconds. As for a clock possibly triggering the mechanism, TIME's Government expert

HERBLOCK—THE WASHINGTON POST



scoffs: "Baloney. One microphone in the President's office was hidden in a clock."

There is a remote possibility that the Haldeman conversation might even be retrieved through computer-aided "signal enhancement" techniques. The erase mechanism on portable recorders is relatively weak, and a magnetic imprint of the original recording could remain on the Haldeman tape and might be amplified to intelligibility. But Buzhardt said that he had asked a National Security Administration expert about this and was told that such a recovery was "very remote." It clearly would be if the tape had been deliberately passed through a strong magnetic field to ensure total erasure.

Last week's developments demonstrated again that Nixon's Watergate defense has been remarkably inept.

THE NATION

Asked who was to blame, one attorney representing a major Watergate defendant replied: "The White House lawyers." But he also sympathized with them, contending that the President handicaps his own defense by not completely leveling with even his own attorneys. Wan and worn out from defending the President on Watergate since last May, the loyal Buzhardt obviously has slipped out of presidential favor.

The fact that Buzhardt has not been kept fully informed even of the handling of tapes within the White House was shown pointedly in court. He admitted that he was surprised to learn that Miss Woods had nine original tapes in her possession as late as Monday of last week—despite agreement that only recently made copies of the tapes should be played so as to prevent harm to the originals. Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler undercut Buzhardt with faint praise, saying: "I don't want to express criticism, publicly, of any person. He has been working very hard. We've made some mistakes during this period."

White House officials reported that John J. Sullivan, an Illinois appellate court judge in Chicago and a longtime Nixon friend, despite being a Democrat, will be added to Nixon's defense staff. After leaving the issue in doubt for two days, presidential aides finally denied rumors that Sullivan would replace Buzhardt as head of the defense group, which has now grown to 14 attorneys.

Visceral Dislike. Almost in desperation, Nixon's aides also lashed out at others. Ziegler charged that the staff that Special Prosecutor Leon Jaworski had inherited from Archibald Cox held an "ingrained suspicion and visceral dislike of this President and this Administration." Deputy Press Secretary Gerald Warren accused Jaworski's staff of leaking information to the press. Jaworski, however, has praised the staff for its "professionalism."

TIME has learned, meanwhile, that the White House has begun responding to pressure from Jaworski by turning over some documents requested long ago by Cox. That at least delays any court action by Jaworski against the President, though this remains a possibility if there is further stalling.

While all the new doubts about the integrity of Nixon's tapes set back the progress of Nixon's Watergate counter-attack, he plunged on with it.

He addressed the convention of the Seafarers' International Union, whose President Paul Hall is under investigation by Prosecutor Jaworski's staff for a \$100,000 secret contribution to Nixon's campaign. The President inspired an ovation by declaring in a nautical note: "I can assure you that you don't need to worry about my getting seasick or jumping ship. It is the captain's job to bring that ship into port. I am going to stay at the helm until we bring it into port."

One night the President talked to six Senators in the third-floor solarium

of the White House. His listeners reported that he had promised to make his tax returns public within a few days. Next day, however, Operation Candor hit another snag when Deputy Press Secretary Warren said that Nixon had not yet decided whether to release the full returns or only "information" from the returns.

A dinner in the State Dining Room with 25 Democratic Congressmen, mostly from the South, was no smashing success either. One listener described Nixon as "taut and extremely tense, gesturing wildly." North Carolina's Ike Andrews found Nixon relaxed and jovial but the situation awkward. Said he: "We were guests in his home—it makes it difficult to ask him questions. The first



JUDGE JOHN SIRICA LEAVING COURT
The skepticism showed.

question was about the Middle East, and he took 21 minutes to answer it. There were a couple more innocuous questions, then somebody said politely, 'Thank you for this pleasant evening, but most of us thought we'd hear you make some explanation of Watergate.'"

Continued Andrews: "He said absolutely nothing revealing. After about five questions, Tiger Teague [Olin Teague of Texas] stood up and said we'd agreed to break it up at 9 o'clock. About half of us had our hands up, and the President agreed to one final question. It was all so pat. And as he left me there in the State Dining Room with my hand up, I thought, 'Good show.'"

Pressure rose from congressional Republicans for a far faster and fuller disclosure of all the Watergate facts. There is dismay among some of them that Nixon seems to be withdrawing into

an ever-tighter circle of advisers, mainly Haig and Ziegler. Melvin Laird, popular on Capitol Hill, said that he will leave Nixon's staff as soon as Gerald Ford is confirmed as Vice President; Ford will assume Laird's advisory duties. Veteran politicians consider both Haig and Ziegler too inexperienced to handle what they see as essentially a political crisis for the President.

As the tapes debacle shows, however, Nixon's dilemma is more than political. The processes of law are still crowding him, especially in Judge Sirica's courtroom. While the White House staff predicts that Nixon will begin releasing detailed papers on such matters as his personal finances, tax deductions, and his intervention in settling antitrust cases against ITT, all that could be too late. Far more urgent for the President—if he can do it—is to explain why so many Watergate discussions have eluded a White House recording system that was once described as super-efficient.

Rose Mary Woods' tortured explanation last week did not help. It is easy to sympathize with the plight of an able secretary who so dearly wants to aid her chief. But whether her bungled performance with the recorder was innocently accidental, or willful—or worse yet, did not take place at all—is still a question as tangled as the whole mess of the President's tapes.

THE VICE PRESIDENCY

Road Clear for Ford

His wife was seated in the gallery, looking fiercely proud of her husband as the Senators began to vote, but the man himself was not present for the historic moment. Gerald R. Ford, 60, was waiting in the office of Minority Leader Hugh Scott, 100 paces down the hall. Ford, whose 25 years in the House have made him extremely sensitive to the niceties of protocol, was afraid that his appearance in the gallery, let alone on the floor, would be taken amiss by the Senators.

As it turned out, Ford had already carried the day. When the voting was done, 92 Senators had endorsed his nomination to the second highest office in the land, and only three—all liberal Democrats—had cried nay. Maine's William Hathaway felt that the confirmation should be held up until the question of President Nixon's impeachment was resolved, and both Wisconsin's Gaylord Nelson and Missouri's Thomas Eagleton felt that Ford was incapable of providing what Nelson called "the kind of inspirational leadership this nation will need should he succeed to the presidency."

Two days later, the House Judiciary Committee took up the argument that Ford might be ineligible for the vice presidency because the Constitution bars a Congressman from holding a



NOMINEE GERALD FORD & WIFE
Only three cried nay.

"civil office" that has had its "emoluments" increased during his term on Capitol Hill. As it happened, the retirement benefits of federal employees were improved just this past fall. The committee cleared Ford's way by deciding that these did not count as emoluments and, more important, that the vice presidency was not a civil office.

That issue out of the way, the committee voted to recommend confirmation by a vote of 29 to 8, setting up the likelihood that Ford would be approved by the House this week as the nation's 40th Vice President.

As his confirmation was moving ahead, *TIME* has learned, Ford had to stage a behind-the-scenes skirmish with the White House to make sure that the swearing-in ceremony would be conducted in a way that he felt was proper. Nixon's staff wanted another television extravaganza in the East Room of the White House similar to the one in which the President announced his choice of Ford for the job. One top White House lieutenant admitted that this would be treating the installation of the Vice President like the appointment of a Cabinet officer. But after all, said the aide, "he's our Vice President."

This approach did not sit at all well with Ford, who has tactfully made the point during his month-long confirmation hearings that he did not "belong" to Richard Nixon on a number of issues. Faced with Ford's opposition, the White House quickly surrendered. This week, if all goes as planned, Chief Justice Warren Burger will swear in Jerry Ford as Vice President in his own setting—the hall of the House of Representatives.

THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDNEY

Failings of "Somebody Very Close"

There are those who claim that the fictional 007 became a worldwide glandular and intelligence hero because John Kennedy said that he was a James Bond fan.

It is established history that after Lyndon Johnson had the Fort Worth barbecue wizard Walter Jetton at the White House, Jetton's vans, filled with succulent ribs, were summoned by hostesses all across the land.

When Richard Nixon pinned a flag in his lapel and became the spirit of '76, lapel flags blossomed in board rooms and Rotarian halls. After the story got out that Nixon had seen *Patton* at least three times, the motion picture's gate went up an estimated 20%.

One of the immense powers of the presidency is the power of personal suggestion and example. In fact, television has so greatly magnified the human elements of Presidents that this may be as important to White House leadership as the constitutional authority of the office. For better or worse, television has made the President "somebody very close" to most American citizens, says Pollster Daniel Yankelovich, and while their own feelings of inadequacy and humility keep them from making instant judgments about complicated issues like milk price supports and the Middle East oil tangle, Americans seize on the personal actions that they can see in their living rooms and can understand. History may prove that Nixon's worst failure is the sequence of seemingly minor personal absurdities that he indulged in.

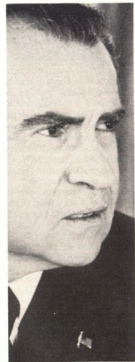
Resentment of the President's inconsistencies is now deep in the American soul. Nixon preached law-and-order but presided over a lawless administration. While he was cutting programs of education and health and urging personal spending restraint on everyone else, his private homes were being voluptuously appointed at taxpayers' expense. His calls for all Americans to carry the national commitments were still ringing when it was learned Nixon had used gimmicks to reduce his taxes to a pittance. And even as he belatedly began to recognize the seriousness of the energy crisis, he roared round the country in his huge jet and churned up and down the Potomac valley in his big helicopter.

While Nixon has decried distortions in the press, his own arguments have been accented with inaccurate historical allusions and downright misstatements that he has never bothered to correct. Cropping up now as a public worry in the opinion samplings is another of those "petty" episodes that the men in the White House swat as if they were mere flies. Nixon went into a meeting with 16 Governors and told them he knew of no other Watergate developments that would embarrass them. The next day it was revealed that one of the tapes had a more than 18-minute gap and Nixon had known about it. The man who is "somebody very close" had deceived not just 16 Governors but also millions and millions of his people.

The grimly comic sequence of how the long buzz got in the tape is now registering on the public mind. A vast number of Americans know a good deal about tape recorders, and they can follow the electronic saga. The final fragments of credibility in the tapes were shattered in many minds.

One can predict with some confidence that yet more disapproval of Nixon will come out of the White House's cannibalism. Not only have Nixon and his few confidants turned a cold shoulder on many of the young presidential aides caught in Watergate, but they have also tried to smear the reputation of former Attorney General Elliot Richardson and are now discrediting White House Counsel Fred Buzhardt. If Buzhardt devised the ludicrous Watergate legal strategy, he deserves criticism. But publicly humiliating a loyalist like Buzhardt is another of those small human rituals that most people comprehend.

What stands now between Nixon and impeachment, suggest some of the opinion diagnosticians, is a thin tissue of personal well-being felt by most Americans. They still have it pretty good, and they don't want a change. But if too many of them lose their jobs or their mobility or their heat, then their fear and disillusion may be turned with even greater force on the man they see so often in their living rooms, who has disappointed them in so many personal ways.

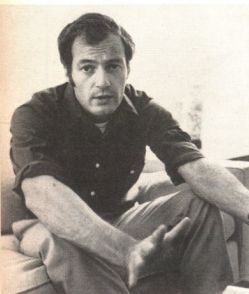


PRESIDENT NIXON

JUSTICE

The Fuse Burns Ever Closer

JOHN T. COOPER



FORMER DEPUTY ASSISTANT KROGH
Bedeviled by his conscience.

One of the major arguments used by President Nixon and the White House staff to justify the Watergate abuses has been that they were committed in the name of national security. Last week that rationale was discredited in a U.S. district court in Washington by one of Nixon's former top aides, a man who had used the same excuse to explain his own role in the scandal. "I now feel that I cannot in conscience assert national security as a defense," he said, adding that he now understood "the transcendent importance of the rule of law over the motivations of man."

The speaker was Egil Krogh, 34, for-

mer deputy assistant to the President for domestic affairs. He was pleading guilty to a charge of violating the civil rights of Dr. Lewis Fielding, Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist. Krogh had authorized the burglary in 1971 of Fielding's Beverly Hills office in an effort to dig up dirt on Ellsberg, the man who leaked the Pentagon papers to the press.

Last week Watergate also caught up with another former White House staffer. Dwight Chapin was indicted for having lied when he disclaimed any official connection with Donald H. Segretti, the convicted political saboteur. Chapin thus became the 18th man to be indicted on charges stemming from the Watergate affair and other scandals; Krogh was the twelfth to plead guilty or be convicted in the Watergate matter.

Both Krogh and Chapin were prime examples of the key Nixon aides: young, athletic, religious, handsome, clean-cut, bright, ambitious, and tough enough to be ruthless.

The smiling, well-scrubbed Chapin had been working for Nixon since 1962. In the 1968 campaign, he was Nixon's personal aide—the man who, according to one joke, held down his boss's coat-tails when Nixon jammed both arms high into the air to salute the crowds. After the election, Chapin became Nixon's appointments secretary, working under the wing of Bob Haldeman. Even Chinese Premier Chou En-lai was impressed with Chapin's skill at detail work, telling him in Peking: "You are an example of how we should utilize young men in government."

In the 1972 presidential campaign, according to Segretti, Chapin directed a clandestine guerrilla-warfare operation against Democrats. Segretti has testified that he was hired by Chapin, whom he had known since both attended the University of Southern California, to play malicious tricks on the opposition, including distributing a letter, printed on stationery stolen from Senator Edmund Muskie, that accused Senators Hubert Humphrey and Henry Jackson of sexual misconduct.

After the Segretti operation was exposed by TIME and the Washington Post, Chapin quit the White House under pressure last January and took an executive job with United Air Lines. If found guilty, he could be jailed for as long as five years on each of four counts, and fined up to \$10,000.

Policymaker. Compared with Chapin, Egil Krogh was a White House heavyweight. A former Naval officer and member of John Ehrlichman's Seattle law firm, he was brought to Washington by Ehrlichman as one of his top assistants in 1968. Krogh's importance rose when his mentor became Nixon's ranking domestic affairs adviser. Diligent and levelheaded, Krogh worked on,

among other major projects, the Administration's anticrime and antidrug programs. In June 1971 he became operational head of the White House undercover unit called the plumbers because one of its jobs was to stop leaks to the press. In particular, he set out to discredit Daniel Ellsberg. Nixon has admitted that, not knowing what other "national secrets" Ellsberg might disclose, he wanted Krogh to find out all that he could about Ellsberg's associates and motives on the grounds of security. Last January, Krogh got his reward from President Nixon: he became Under Secretary of Transportation.

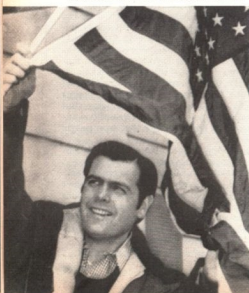
On May 5, Krogh took full responsibility for the burglary of the office of Dr. Fielding, and quit the Government. Following the President's line, he said that at the time of the burglary he had thought it was justified for reasons of national security. But Krogh, a Christian Scientist whom friends describe as a "straight arrow," could not accept that rationale forever. He told the court: "I simply feel that what was done in the Ellsberg operation was in violation of what I perceive to be a fundamental idea in this country—the paramount importance of the rights of the individual. I don't want to be associated with that violation any longer by attempting to defend it."

Telling All. For pleading guilty to one charge in the Fielding case, Krogh could be sentenced to as long as ten years in prison and fined as much as \$10,000. In return for his guilty plea, Watergate Prosecutor Leon Jaworski agreed to drop perjury charges against Krogh. As part of his plea bargaining, Krogh agreed that after he is sentenced he will tell all that he knows about the various activities of the plumbers—testimony that could quite possibly blow Watergate even higher.

Krogh is expected to testify at the trial of John Ehrlichman on charges stemming from the Fielding burglary. Ehrlichman has admitted having had overall supervision of the plumbers. Even that could be only the beginning for Krogh. He is expected to be closely questioned by Jaworski's staffers. They will be interested in hearing what Krogh has to say about the activities of Charles Colson, a former special counsel to the President, who obtained the \$5,000 that was used to bankroll the burglary of Fielding's office.

Most important, Bud Krogh is the man who might be able to link President Nixon to the plumbers' illegal activities. The President has insisted that he did not authorize and had no knowledge of the Fielding break-in. But John Dean, Nixon's ousted counsel, testified to the Senate Watergate Committee that Krogh had told him that he had received his orders for the burglary "right out of the Oval Office." Speaking of the devout and well-informed Krogh, one man close to the White House says: "He is the last guy in the world I'd like to see mad at the President."

FORMER APPOINTMENTS SECRETARY CHAPIN



The people in these cars walked away from these crashes. Their cars had air bags.

68 mph into a parked car. Injury: broken wrist and knee cap. Lap belt: not in use.



20 mph head-on collision. Injury: none. Lap belt: in use.



Source: Photo courtesy of KTTV, Los Angeles.

The people in these crashes were in cars equipped with an air bag passive restraint system. Inflatable bags that automatically cushion driver and passenger in a frontal-type collision. Inflating, protecting, deflating in less than one-half second.

But the people in these crashes were lucky. Extraordinarily lucky.

Because there are only 1,800 air bag equipped cars on the road today. Used—in a program of on-road testing of air bag reliability—by the U.S. Government, Allstate and several other major companies.

The air bag's record in this program has been most impressive. It has *never* failed, in a real-life crash, to work to protect the occupants as it was designed to do.

In over 35 million miles of on-road testing has the air bag system ever inadvertently deployed? Yes. *Once.*

Once, in over 35 million miles of driving, one inadvertent inflation of the air bag has occurred. (The result? A minor hand injury to the right front passenger. However, the driver was completely unaffected and stopped the car without incident.)

But despite its impressive record of performance—including a mounting number of air bag suc-



Source: St. Louis Post-Dispatch. Photo by Scott C. Dine. 35 mph into utility pole. Injury to driver: slight nose fracture. Injury to passenger: sore shoulder. Lap belts: not present.

cesses like the ones shown here—the protection of air bags is still not available to the public.

We hope this situation is about to change.

Several years ago a Federal regulation was adopted that would have required *some kind* of passive restraint system in all 1974 model cars. But that deadline was called off.

Now 1976 is the target year. So the debate continues over what kind of passive restraint system should be used in cars sold to the public. (A debate that's failed to

produce any system as effective as air bags.)

We believe after years of air bag laboratory tests and over 35 million miles of successful on-road testing, the time for debate is over.

Today air bags are technologically ready to be installed in production-line cars.

One car manufacturer, General Motors, has announced plans to offer air bags as an option on some 50,000 1974 cars—Cadillacs, Buicks and Oldsmobiles. We hope other companies will follow their example.

There's little doubt that some of the people in the crashes shown here would have been badly injured or killed if they'd been driving cars without air bags. A look at these photographs makes that clear.

Each year thousands of people are killed in automobiles. Well over a million more are seriously injured, many maimed for life. How many lives might be saved, how many injuries prevented, if air bags were available to every new car buyer?

The air bag is ready for America now. And America, Allstate believes, is ready for the air bag.

For details on the air bag and its record of performance, write to Director of Automotive Engineering, Allstate Insurance Company, Northbrook, Illinois 60062.

Allstate

When will yours?

THE COMMITTEE

Lost Momentum and Broken Unity

Since returning from a well-deserved one-month recess in September, Sam Ervin's Senate Select Committee on Presidential Campaign Activities has never regained the earlier momentum of its investigation into the Watergate mess and other scandals. Last week, on the day that it had been scheduled to begin examining publicly one of several pieces of important unfinished business, the seven-member committee suddenly voted to suspend its hearings indefinitely—until January at the earliest. The decision helped underscore the factionalism and frustration that has lately shaken the committee's once solid and purposeful ranks.

The delay was caused in part by snags in the two major inquiries still on

with the Hughes organization have filed suit in federal court to prevent the committee from forcing them to testify in preliminary sessions prior to any public appearances. The committee is scheduled to hold a closed meeting this week to consider whether it should begin contempt proceedings against five Hughes men. Further, the committee has subpoenaed the \$100 bills used in the transaction, which Rebozo claims were stored for three years in a safe-deposit box and were finally returned unspent.

Five days before the committee was slated to begin the new round of public hearings into the two big contributions, the head of the milk-deal investigation, David Dorsen, visited Chief Counsel

leaders, sensing that Gurney is politically vulnerable no matter what the legal outcome of his case, have begun mounting campaigns to challenge him next year, when he is up for re-election.

Connecticut Republican Lowell Weicker Jr., by contrast, was very much in attendance at the Tuesday meeting. He argued with his usual aggressiveness that a new date for hearings should be set immediately. Weicker, who has used his own staff to turn up evidence damaging to the President and easily ranks as the committee's hardest-working member, is viewed by some other Republicans as the unseemly instigator of a vendetta against Nixon. In addition, many critics believe that he aims to ride the committee hearings to higher office in a post-Watergate Administration.

Tennessee's Howard Baker, the self-appointed committee peacemaker, suggested that the unit simply schedule any further hearings "at the call of the chairman." That plan eventually passed, with Weicker casting the only dissenting vote. Having thus argued that the hearings should continue when Ervin sees fit, Baker then undercut the committee's future after being asked at a press conference whether the group might hold no more hearings at all. Baker replied that he did not "exclude the possibility that we might not." Some of his aides also privately leaked stories that the committee staff has assembled only weak evidence in the milk and Rebozo investigations. Some committee staff members suspect that Baker, who agreed to Nixon's discredited and abortive "compromise" on the presidential tapes and may have helped sell the idea to Ervin, believes that the committee has gone far enough and would like to let it wither away.

Closer to Tapes. Dash insists that no such whimpering end is in store. "We already have plenty of evidence to put on," says Dash. "We have an excellent set of hearings to produce, and they will be held."

In addition, Congress is close to providing a special imprimatur to the committee in its efforts to get presidential tapes and other evidence that the White House has refused to release. A bill that would provide authority for federal courts to rule on the conflict has passed the Senate and been approved by the House Judiciary Committee. If the bill is also passed by the full House, as is expected this week, Dash plans to file suit immediately for the material.

In fact, though most of the 70-man staff is already at work on the preliminary draft of the committee's final report and recommendations on Watergate, some members doubt that all unfinished business can be cleared by Feb. 28, when the committee is scheduled to close down for good. Should it need more time, Ervin's committee would probably have no trouble winning a new lease on life from the Senate. Thus all those Senator Sam T shirts may come back in vogue before long.



SENATORS WEICKER, GURNEY (SEATED) & ERVIN CONFERRING ON WATERGATE
Postponed: hearings on milk and Bebe Rebozo.

the committee's agenda. In its investigation into any connection between the milk producers' contributions of at least \$527,500 to President Nixon's re-election campaign and a 1971 increase in federal price supports for milk (TIME, Dec. 3), committee staffers have not had time to interview several important witnesses. The investigators have been further hampered by the White House's refusal to provide documents relating to the case.

Five in Contempt? The other inquiry involves a gift in 1969 and 1970 of \$100,100 from an executive in the business empire of Superbillionaire Howard Hughes to Charles G. ("Bebe") Rebozo, Nixon's best friend, for what Rebozo says were campaign purposes. The Hughes organization has refused to honor several committee subpoenas. Five prospective witnesses connected

Sam Dash in what a committee source described as "a panic." Dorsen pleaded that he was simply not prepared to begin a public hearing. After reviewing his work, Dash agreed, and told the staff on Monday that he would recommend a postponement to committee members the next day. What happened at that Tuesday meeting in Sam Ervin's office revealed the divergent courses, both personal and political, of a group that Ervin once boasted had always taken unanimous votes.

Florida Republican Edward Gurney did not even attend. Under investigation by the Justice Department on suspicion of having unlawfully failed to report contributions received from contractors in 1971 and 1972, Gurney has grown increasingly absorbed in his own problems and has spent less time on the committee business. Several Florida Republican

Kodak Has a Gift For Keeping Christmas



This Carousel projector is so handsome it's a shame to turn the lights out.

Do handsomely by someone this Christmas. Give a Kodak Carousel custom H projector. There's never been a better-looking Kodak slide projector.

Off duty, it has a sleek smoke-tinted dust cover to snap on in place of the 140-slide tray. (So it doesn't have to be hidden away somewhere between shows.) On duty, the Carousel custom H



is as dependable as gravity. Because it's gravity that gently lowers each slide into place. No pushing or pulling. Just one brilliant slide after another.

Carousel custom H projectors come in a variety of models, all handsome, all quiet as a whisper. The 860H model shown is less than \$245. Other Kodak Carousel projectors from less than \$65.

Kodak Carousel custom H projector.



Prices subject to change without notice.



The pack looks Italian, the Pipers is all Scotch.

They're both imported. The great scotch. And the great-looking pack you get at no extra cost. It looks like

leather. It feels like leather. And it's zippered to open up on the greatest scotch you ever gave. Or got.

Seagram's
100 PIPERS
Scotch

CRIME

Percy Lead No. 273

One morning in the midst of his successful 1966 bid for a seat in the U.S. Senate, Illinois' Charles H. Percy was awakened by his wife's screams. He set off the piercing burglar alarm atop their 17-room mansion in Kenilworth, a suburb of Chicago. When he entered the bedroom of his 21-year-old twin daughter Valerie, the girl lay agonizingly near death—her face, chest and stomach mutilated by stab wounds. In the seven years since the slaying, Illinois state police have interviewed more than 14,000 people, spent over \$300,000, and painstakingly pursued 1,317 leads. Last week the search zeroed in on one of these, lead No. 273, and for the first time, investigators were all but certain that, in fact they were on the trail of the killer or killers.

The suspects are Francis Leroy Hohimer, 46, now serving sentences totaling 30 years for armed robbery in the Iowa state penitentiary, and Frederick Malchow, a onetime crony of Hohimer's who died one year after the murder in a plunge from a railroad trestle after a Pennsylvania jailbreak. The two men were members of what authorities believe was a Mafia-backed band of thieves that flourished nationwide from 1965 to 1967, specializing in robbing the homes of the wealthy. In exchange for a cut of two-thirds of the gang's take, the Mafia offered planning expertise as well as a fence for disposal of stolen furs, jewels and other valuables. In its heyday, the gang roamed from coast to coast, hitting homes in wealthy spots like Grosse Pointe, Mich., Shaker Heights, Ohio, Scottsdale, Ariz., as well as choice residential targets in Denver and Beverly Hills, Calif.

King-Size Heists. The group operated with almost military precision: garbed in black, wearing black ski masks, carrying elaborate tools and sometimes even walkie-talkies, the burglars were noted among police experts for their stealth, daring and king-size heists. Chicago detectives are certain of at least 30 jobs the gang pulled, with a haul that exceeded \$3,000,000. Indeed, the outfit's sleek style is what drew the attention of police investigating the Percy murder. Moreover, the gang was known to have two members—Hohimer and Malchow—vicious enough to have killed Valerie Percy.

Both men joined the gang around 1965. Hohimer was a career burglar with 22 arrests on his record, twelve of them for burglary and robbery. He also showed a marked penchant for violence. His favorite weapon on heists was a propane blowtorch, which he used not simply as an entry tool but also to coerce reluctant robbery victims by threatening to burn off their hair. Hohimer's former wife told police that he once cut off her hair while in a jealous rage and on another oc-

casional emptied a revolver in a circular pattern around their infant daughter as a warning that she should pay more attention to him. Malchow had been arrested 25 times on such charges as rape and assault, and like Hohimer, he was not averse to manhandling victims.

Hohimer was first fingered early last year by Leo Rugendorf, 58, a Mafia operative who oversaw the gang's activities. He reached Chicago *Sun-Times* Reporter Art Petacque and reported that Hohimer, shortly after the murder, had said to him: "They'll get me for the Valerie Percy murder. The girl woke up, and I hit her on the top of the head with a pistol." After Petacque interviewed Rugendorf, he arranged for him to be questioned by state police investigators. Early this year, Rugendorf, near death from heart disease and diabetes, again fingered Hohimer, this time from a stretcher in a courtroom where he was a defense witness in the robbery trial of another gang figure. Attempting to discredit some of Hohimer's testimony against him, Rugendorf asked the judge to come close to the stretcher and whispered to him: "Hohimer is the fellow that killed Percy's daughter. You got that from me." Rugendorf died one month later.

Nervous and Uptight. Hohimer's brother Harold, 38, corroborated Rugendorf's claim when he got in touch with Petacque four weeks ago to describe a meeting with a "real nervous and uptight" Hohimer the day after the murder. "He said he had to 'off' a girl," Harold told the reporter. "I asked him why he had to do someone in, and he said it was because the girl made a lot of noise and they got in a fight. I asked him, 'What score are you talking about?' and he said, 'It's all in the newspapers and on the radio today.' He was talking about the Valerie Percy thing." Last week Robert Stanfield, 29, an acquaintance of Hohimer's, came forward to disclose that Hohimer had informed him two weeks before the murder that he had cased the mansion and intended to rob the Percys.

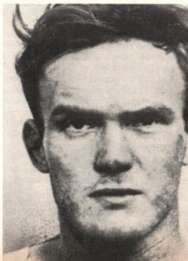
Hohimer, for his part, broke his silence three weeks ago and answered questions put to him by Petacque and investigators about the Percy killing. He denied not only the murder of Valerie but also his presence on the scene that night. Instead, he accused Malchow, insisting that Malchow came to his apartment the morning of the crime in clothes that were soaked with blood.

In the flurry of charges and countercharges, the case has come down to a cruel stalemate. The strongest piece of physical evidence in the crime is four palm prints found in the Percy mansion, but they have proved not to be Hohimer's or Malchow's. The remaining physical evidence is scant and ambiguous, and none of it directly links either Hohimer or Malchow to the crime. Yet by the testimony of witnesses, one of the members of the burglary gang is the likely killer. Said William Hanhardt, commander of the Chicago police department's burglary division: "Malchow and Hohimer are the ones. They're responsible. I have no doubts about it."

VALERIE PERCY IN 1965



FREDERICK MALCHOW



FRANCIS HOHIMER



LABOR

Ed McMahon's America

Affable, ever-smiling Ed McMahon, Johnny Carson's sidekick on the *Tonight* show, makes friends wherever he goes. Two years ago, he decided to win friends for the outcast International Brotherhood of Teamsters. He had a scheme to launch a coast-to-coast publicity campaign to polish up the union's image. Unfortunately, in the process he tarnished his own. Today, affable Ed is not smiling. In its current issue, *Overdrive*, a trucking-industry magazine, charges that Ed teamed up with Nicholas Torzeski, a man with links to the Mafia, to bilk the Teamsters out of more than a million dollars.

Investigative Reporter James Drinkhall, who has written exposés of

cial, a nationwide truck tour and a high school essay contest on the subject of "What America on the Move Means to Me." Without appearing to give the matter much thought, the Teamsters put up \$1.75 million. It was just a "little flyer," declared Teamster Secretary-Treasurer Murray W. ("Dusty") Miller. Over the years, the Teamsters have mysteriously lost millions of dollars in similar projects that turned out to be astonishingly poor business ventures for such a sophisticated union. Recently, a \$7,000,000 Teamster loan to a New Mexican toy manufacturer was lost when the company went out of business. A similar fate has befallen Teamster loans to a Las Vegas ice-skating rink, to a hotel in Reno, to a truck stop in Dearborn, Mich., to a real estate development in the Santa Monica mountains in California.

By spring 1972, Ed and Nick received the first payment from the union. They formed a corporation, America on the Move, Inc., and hired a reputable public relations consultant, Thelma Gray, to handle the publicity campaign. Setting up offices at the Samuel Goldwyn studios in Hollywood, they launched the project at Teamster headquarters in Washington. Demonstrating its usual friendliness toward the union, the Nixon Administration sent top officials to attend the ceremonies.

Road Show. America on the Move covered the country in a 40-ft. tractor-trailer painted red, white and blue and draped from one end to the other with American flags. Inside, visitors were treated to an inspirational film short narrated by McMahon; they could also pick up pamphlets on drug abuse, ecology and patriotism. The road show got rave reviews as it made its way across the continent. On Christmas night, it was publicized by a TV show celebrating the Teamsters. McMahon hosted, and such stars as Sammy Davis Jr. and Debbie Reynolds performed. The caravan was scheduled to visit 55 cities, but after 33, it halted, dead broke.

America on the Move had been hijacked—by its own producers. It seems that no sooner had Ed and Nick set up shop in Hollywood than they formed a second corporation, Sabra Productions Inc., which began shooting a movie in Israel. To finance the film, they dipped heavily into money allocated for the Teamster campaign, an action that has caused the U.S. Department of Justice to start an investigation. Ed and Nick argue that \$400,000 of their Teamster budget was "profit" to use as they pleased. But they spent much more than that. Explains McMahon: "We misused the money in the sense that we paid out money before we had anything else coming [back] in." Says Thelma Gray: "They looted the treasury and dumped it into that motion picture." For all that, *Sabra Command*, starring David Janssen, is not likely even to be released because of its uneven quality.

Most of the bills run up by America on the Move have not been paid. Al-

though CBS received \$182,000 for air time for the TV show and the actors were paid, the writers, producers and other participants have not been given a cent. Because of nonpayment of rent, the Samuel Goldwyn studios locked up the Hollywood offices, impounded the furniture and filed suit against America on the Move. Thelma Gray's firm, T. Gray & Associates, claims that the operation still owes it \$59,000. Loudest to complain have been the parents of high school students who were supposed to win savings bonds in the essay contest. After an avalanche of letters, McMahon finally started making some awards. "I'm paying out of my own pocket," he says, "because I couldn't live with the letters from the kids' parents. It sounds like we were trying to defraud the kids, which we were not."

Even the nonchalant Teamsters



NICK TORZESKI
Solid connections.

the Teamsters in the past, says that Ed got together with Nick in late 1971. In a sense, Nick had solid Teamster connections. Among innumerable brushes with the law, he had been indicted along with three Mafia gangsters in 1968 for offering kickbacks in return for Teamster loans. Three years later, the indictment was dismissed for lack of evidence. As it happened, a crucial Government witness turned up dead—floating in his boat down a river, the back of his head removed by a shotgun blast. "Nick has always conducted himself like a real gentleman," says McMahon, explaining their friendship. Did Ed know of Nick's association with the Mafia? "Hell, they're everywhere. There isn't any way you can be in show business without knowing some of them."

The pair figured that what the Teamsters needed was a major image lift called America on the Move. The project would involve a TV network spe-



ED McMAHON
No smiles.

raised an eyebrow when they received an audit from America on the Move in which there was no mention of diverting funds to the Israeli film. Otherwise, the Teamsters profess to be perfectly happy with the thwarted project. Says Dusty Miller: "We paid them for public relations work, and we got a lot of good publicity out of it."

Torzeski also does not understand what all the fuss is about. "Ask 99 out of 100 people and they'll tell you I'm really a good guy," he told *TIME*'s Jonathan Beatty in Los Angeles last week. Nick insisted that neither he nor Ed had done anything wrong, though he admitted that making the movie was a mistake. Alternately fondling a gold signet ring, a gold cigarette lighter and a gold watch with two dials (one for each coast, since he travels so much), he confessed to one weakness over luncheon at Hollywood's Brown Derby: "I'm just too friendly, I guess." That goes for Ed too.



Our basic wagon idea: little cash and lots of carry.

Like the original station wagon Ford pioneered back in 1929, the 1974 Ford Pinto Wagon combines a durable, economical car with a lot of space in back. And what could be more basic than that?

The economy: First and foremost, the Pinto Wagon is an economy car—low in price, easy on gas, low on upkeep.



The space: Put a Pinto Wagon's rear seat down, and you've got over 60 cubic feet of cargo space. To maximize cargo space, the spare tire is carried under the floor.

Other basics: A rugged 2,000cc overhead cam engine is standard. It's been developed for good gas mileage. And for those of you who want even a bit more pep,



there's an optional 2,300cc engine.

Front disc brakes are also standard—for efficient and fade-resistant braking and little pedal effort.

Further, the steering is rack-and-pinion, like in sports cars. Who'd have thought a station wagon could handle that easy? They're all good reasons why the closer you look, the better we look.



See the 1974 Pinto Wagon at your Ford Dealer.

When you get back to basics, you get back to Ford.

FORD PINTO

FORD DIVISION



86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky © 1973 Paddington Corp., N.Y.



One of the rare pleasures of Christmas.

J&B
RARE
SCOTCH



SETTING AN EXAMPLE: MILWAUKEE'S PUBLIC SAFETY COMMITTEE CONDUCTING BUSINESS BY CANDLELIGHT TO SAVE ELECTRICITY

ENERGY

THE MOOD

Cold Comfort for a Long, Hard Winter

Winter has always had a way of sneaking up on many Americans. Perhaps they work too hard, move too fast, or spend too much time indoors to see the earlier sunsets every evening or notice that the air has begun to acquire an edge, like a jug of apple cider left over from early fall. Suddenly they wake up one morning to find sunlight sparkling off the hoarfrost and a silvery net of ice crystals on the puddles in the driveway. It can be a cold shock.

This year it is not merely another winter that has begun to creep in unnoticed. It is a whole new kind of season, fraught with inconvenience, deprivation and uncertainty. The chilling prospect of an energy crisis has been in the air all autumn, but Americans are just beginning to realize that the winter of their sourest discontent is at hand. As December arrived last week, power cuts were beginning in the Northeast, energy experts in Washington were saying that gasoline rationing is all but inevitable, and filling stations across the country began a presidentially ordered routine of Sunday closings. Fewer lights, or none, glittered on outdoor Christmas trees, the first layoffs attributable to the energy crisis—of airline pilots, auto and construction workers—began, and pharmaceutical executives were actually warning of a shortage of lifesaving drugs that are manufactured by a process that uses petrochemicals.

Against that bleak landscape, the mood of the nation emerged as a mixture of hopeful disbelief and gathering anxiety. Two conflicting notions are battling it out in people's heads: The Great

American Dream of owning a home full of appliances and a garage full of cars, and the dawning irony of not being able to use them at will. An Atlanta housewife expressed the new ambivalence: "I just can't believe it's going to be that bad. But I've never seen more depressed people. It's finally beginning to sink in that we may be in real trouble."

Quiet Panic. In some places, people already were in trouble. More than 50 truckers were stranded at the Davis Arco truck stop in San Jose, Calif., without diesel fuel to continue their trips. For lack of gasoline, some 25 New Hampshire towns were without police and fire protection, garbage pickups, road repair or school transportation. Fishing fleets were idled along the Gulf of Mexico, and newly harvested potatoes sat undelivered in Maine. Even among Americans who were not yet suffering, a quiet panic was beginning to germinate. Concluded Chuck Littlefield, a Los Angeles construction worker who has a daily 72-mile round-trip drive between his home and his job: "Gas rationing would put me on welfare."

While politicians and bureaucrats in Washington tried to agree on the best ways to cope with the crisis (see *following story*), local officials and private citizens were taking matters into their own hands. Sometimes their energy-saving measures were more cosmetic than effective, but they were almost always imaginative. In Milwaukee, the public safety committee of the city's common council last week began meeting by candlelight. The *Gaucha Times Leader* of Chardon, Ohio, was offering free adver-

tising space for commuters organizing car pools. In Rensselaer, Ind., Mayor Emmett W. Eger turned off all of the city's 425 street lights—until after four burglaries, citizens demanded that the lights come on again. "People thought I was a son of a b. for dousing the lights, but what do I care?" he said. "If everyone in the country would make this kind of effort, we could tell the Arabs to go to hell."

B.B. Criswell, an industrial-design instructor at Georgia Tech, put headlights, taillights, turn signals and a horn on his electric golf cart, passed the state safety inspection and now drives the vehicle to his local rapid-transit station every day. When Massachusetts' Berkshire Community College lowered classroom temperatures to 63°, Jurgen A. Thomas began lecturing his drama class in a very collegiate (1920s) raccoon coat. And Paul Indianer, an insurance executive in Miami, has replaced his telephone-equipped Chrysler Imperial with a bicycle. "It's great exercise, and I'm amused at the stares I get," he says. The stares are not for Indianer but for his portable telephone, now installed on the handlebars.

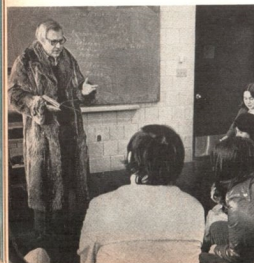
The energy shortage is unearthing a vein of community-enforced morality that many Americans thought ran out with stockades and witch burning. Motorists on some Connecticut and Wisconsin highways have begun honking angrily at drivers who exceed the new lower speed limits. On Interstate 75 near Atlanta last week, one car displayed a sign on its left-side door for every car passing him to see: "You too, 50 m.p.h."



BUYING LONG JOHNS IN BOSTON



EXAMPLE OF GAS-HOARDING DANGERS



Jim Hunt, a filling-station operator in suburban Atlanta, has developed his own righteous way of rationing. He gives drivers of sub-compact cars all the gasoline they want, but limits larger autos to a dollar's worth. Says Hunt: "I give them just enough to get them off the road. Those big gas gulpers are the ones doing the damage."

At the same time, hostility is welling up in many citizens against whomever they consider most responsible for the crisis. When the temperature hit a balmy—and energy-saving—68° in Manhattan one day last week, a woman walking her dog explained smugly that "God is punishing the Arabs." But usually the culprits are perceived to be closer to home. Said New York City Writer Hendrik Herzberg: "I think it's disgusting that Nixon puts limits on the private citizen and not the oil companies. What sacrifices are they making?" A Rhode Island official noted that a large number of drivers caught exceeding the state's new 50-m.p.h. speed limit cite their peripatetic President as a greater offender. As Mrs. Doris A. Korot of Panorama City, Calif., put it: "I would willingly agree to turn my thermostat down to 68° if the President would give up his helicopter and jet flights and stay at home in the White House during the energy crisis. After all, let's all 68 it together."

Not that the average American is so austere public-spirited himself. Across the country, a kind of siege mentality is beginning to take hold. At hardware and discount stores, gasoline jerry cans are becoming as scarce as Arab hitchhikers in Amsterdam on a Sunday. The gasoline hoarders who have bought out the cans are unknowingly risking their lives; firemen in Manhattan last week demonstrated that a car with a gasoline can in the trunk, hit from the rear, can turn into a fire bomb.

Last Trip. Sweaters and flannel shirts are big sellers in the Northwest and Midwest, and thermal underwear is becoming so fashionable that Utah Governor Calvin Rampton interrupted a press conference last week and pulled up a trouser leg to show off his new long johns. Despite spot shortages of gas and snailish speed limits, highways were jammed over the weekend as motorists tried to get in at least one more long trip before rationing begins. Mammoth Mountain, a ski resort in northern California that stands to suffer mightily from the fuel shortage, reported its biggest single day in 17 years of operation as some 11,000 skiers crowded the slopes.

Such self-indulgence is innocent enough now, but things could get uglier when the shortage gets worse. Siphoning threatens to join mugging as a feared street crime. Auto supply houses across the country already report a run on locking gas caps—and siphons. A 16,000-gal. gasoline tank truck was hijacked from a Gulf Oil Co. pipeline terminal in Detroit; it was found two days later, empty. TIME learned last week that the

Carlo Gambino family of the Mafia has begun making regular deliveries of black-market gasoline to New York City filling stations. The gas, believed to be stolen from several bulk plants in the area and offered to the dealers for 7¢ per gal. more than legitimate distributors charge, is known among filling-station men in some parts of Brooklyn as "Gambinoli."

Money Talks. Aside from any strain on honesty, the energy crisis promises to produce dramatic and lasting changes in American habits of thinking and acting. Columbia Sociologist Amitai Etzioni believes that a prolonged shortage will produce a decline in egalitarianism and the reassertion of privilege in America. "Money will make the difference in the future," he says. "Only people with money will be able to travel and buy Cadillacs. The poor part of society will end up paying a disproportionate share." Boston University Sociologist S.M. Miller asserts that the rationing of commodities like gas and oil will bring a rationing of opportunities as well. "Americans are going to have to lead a more planned existence," he says. "We are already suffering a loss of discretionary income because of inflation. As our mobility decreases, we will also face a loss of discretionary time and space. These changes will drain society of much of its spontaneity and excitement. And they will dampen the American belief that everything is possible at all times. But the shortage may also lead to the rediscovery of friends. People will have to share cars, share activities, maybe even share houses from time to time, if the fuel shortage gets bad enough. In a sense, maybe people will rediscover themselves and their families because it will be harder to run away."

Even among Americans who fully expect the worst from the fuel crisis, a stubbornly incandescent optimism has begun to shine through the gloom. People who lament the expected death of a comfortably affluent, energy-intensive way of life look forward to a rebirth of some old values. "We have become literally and figuratively fat," says William C. Westmoreland, the general who commanded U.S. forces in Viet Nam and now directs economic development for South Carolina. "Perhaps the crisis will bring us back to some of the virtues that made this country great, like thrift and the belief that waste is sinful." Says Sylvia Lavietes, a Manhattan social worker: "At first I was really depressed about the energy crisis, but now I think it's a riot. It's a real challenge. As a child I sometimes wondered what it would have been like to live in the 1850s. That was a time when people were much more in control of their lives. Our society has suffered from mental and physical atrophy. This crisis could really be a good thing." Other Americans would do well to adopt that spirit of adventure. It may be all that they have to get them through a literally dark Christmas and what could be a long, hard winter.

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POLICY

A Superagency for the Crisis

Moving at last to cut through the bureaucratic confusion that has bogged down the Administration's attempts to deal with the energy crisis, President Nixon this week created a new superagency, the Federal Energy Administration. It will centralize all policy planning and manage federal fuel allocation, conservation, and perhaps eventually rationing, taking over units of the Department of the Interior, the Cost of Living Council and the Office of Management and Budget.

The new unit will be headed by William E. Simon, 46, now Deputy Secretary of the Treasury, who will report directly to Nixon. Simon, a millionaire former investment banker and tough decision maker (see box), thus becomes the nation's new energy czar, succeeding John A. Love, head of the old Energy Policy Office. Love, who was often criticized for vacillation, was thunderstruck to learn of his demotion late last week, when he was called into the White House and shown an organization chart with Simon's name on top. On paper he remains a senior energy adviser, but he is seriously thinking of quitting altogether.

One of Simon's first and most urgent jobs will be getting the Administration to make up its mind about rationing. The possibility of having to ration gasoline and other fuels has been a nightmare haunting the White House since the Arab oil embargo began. The President, who abhors rationing politically, ideologically and administratively, managed to avoid even using the word when he went on television last week to outline a series of less stringent conservation and allocation measures. But by week's end the relentless press

of events was sweeping the Administration closer to the dreaded decision.

Even a Cabinet-level energy emergency action group seemed to be reluctantly leaning toward rationing. At least it ruled out the most obvious alternative: piling heavy new taxes on gasoline in order to curb consumption. Members bowed to "political reality," as one put it, and concluded that such a boast could not get through Congress in an inflationary period. Treasury Secretary George Shultz, who argued to the end for the tax plan, finally agreed to have



FEDERAL FUEL BOSS WILLIAM E. SIMON

the group study a number of possible rationing plans. The leading one is the so-called "white market" system (TIME, Dec. 3), which would permit motorists to buy or sell ration coupons through official exchanges that could be set up in post offices, banks, or service stations.

No firm decision has yet been made, and no recommendation will even go to the President until the energy emergency bill clears Congress and gives Nixon the power to order rationing if he wishes. A decision cannot be put off much longer. Every day the pervasive dimensions and effects of the fuel shortage become more frighteningly clear.

Power Cuts. Last week Federal Power Commission Chairman John Nassikas warned that electric power in much of the nation will soon have to be reduced by 10%—more in the critically short Northeast—because stores of heavy residual oil to power generating plants are dwindling. Petrochemical shortages now threaten the production of such vital drugs as cortisone and penicillin, which already are in tight supply. Manufacture of the drugs requires such solvents as acetone and isopropanol, and supplies of these petroleum-based solvents are diminishing. Drug executives will journey to Washington this week to plead for greater allotments of oil to the petrochemical industry.

Watching these developments, the stock market gyrated wildly—down 29 points on the Dow Jones industrial average one day, up 22 two days later—but overall tumbled deeper into what is beginning to look like a full-scale rout. Early in the week the Dow touched a new 1973 low of 817, and closed at 822, down 165 points in a month. That plunge is one of the steepest ever in so short a time.

Administration officials insisted that Wall Street was overreacting, but their own statements gave little ground for economic optimism. Herbert Stein,

Nixon's Decisive New Energy Czar

Last May Deputy Secretary of the Treasury William E. Simon told a Senate committee that there was only one sure cure for U.S. fuel shortages: "power to create a barrel of oil or gasoline." His appointment as head of the new Federal Energy Administration will not make him that kind of magician, but it will vastly enhance his ability to impress on the rest of Government a sense of urgency about the energy crisis. Simon has been displaying that urgency for months.

The contrast between Simon and John A. Love, the man he will replace as energy czar, could hardly be greater. Love, a former Colorado Governor, has been described by one Government energy official as "a pleasant guy who just doesn't want to make a decision if he

can avoid it." Wall Streeter Simon is known for decisiveness and a hot temper. In not quite a year in Washington, he has also displayed a talent for bureaucratic infighting. A good five months before the Arab embargo, Simon, as head of the Government's Oil Policy Committee, was already talking about the possibility of imposing a 50-m.p.h. speed limit on motorists. In June he drafted a mandatory allocation program for home heating oil, and lobbied it through to final adoption by the Administration in October—over the initial opposition of Love, among others.

Simon's grasp of the seriousness of the problem is the more surprising since he had no special background in the oil business when he entered the Government. He was then known on Wall

Street as a bond trader who had an uncanny sense of when to buy and sell. Simon, a New Jerseyan, started his career as a brokerage-house trainee in 1952, a year after graduating from Lafayette College. By the time President Nixon tapped him for the Treasury in December 1972, he had become a senior partner of Salomon Brothers, one of the nation's biggest investment banking houses, in charge of all trading in Government and municipal bonds. That job gave him an income more than sufficient to support his wife Carol and seven children: his share in Salomon's profits by the time he left was estimated at \$2,000,000 to \$3,000,000 a year (much of which he had to reinvest in the business under a company rule). His move to the \$42,500-a-year Treasury job must have involved one of the biggest income reductions ever taken by anyone to come to Washington.

ENERGY

chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, predicted that the energy crisis will slow the nation's economic growth to a near halt next year. Output of goods and services, he said, will rise no more than 1%, v. 6% this year; in the first quarter it may actually decline. Unemployment, he forecast, could rise from 4.5% at present to 6%, meaning that a million workers would be thrown out of jobs. His assessment is far from the most gloomy; some businessmen think that the jobless rate could hit 6% as early as January, and continue to rise from there. Stein declined to predict the pace at which consumer prices will climb, but some other forecasters expect an inflation rate of 7% to 8% in 1974, largely because of rising fuel costs.

In order to cope with the crisis, the Administration so far is relying on the belated and hastily prepared package of conservation measures set forth by the President in his television speech last week. Nixon announced:

1) A 15% reduction of normal supplies of heating oil to homes, and a 25% reduction to factories and commercial enterprises such as supermarkets. This plan, which individual oil dealers will administer, was ordered under existing legislation. It assumes that average indoor temperatures have been held at 74°, and that the cutbacks will force households to turn their thermostats down to 68°; offices and factories supposedly will be forced down to 64°. Scheduled to take effect Dec. 27, the plan has as many loose ends as a Maypole: Will a homeowner who bought only enough fuel to keep temperatures at 68° last year have to take a cut that will force him to turn his thermostat down to a chilly 62°? What allotment will be granted to owners of new homes who have not yet established themselves as customers of a local oil dealer?

To iron out such problems, the Administration has revived the famous initials OPA and created the Office of Petroleum Allocation, which will now be absorbed into Simon's superagency. But most of OPA's regional branches have just opened and will not be able to handle the flood of complaints and requests with any efficiency for weeks. Last week OPA Chief Eli T. Reich conceded that the effort to allot heating fuel has been marked by confusion and chaos.

2) A ban on gasoline sales from 9 p.m. Saturday to midnight Sunday, beginning last weekend. Voluntary for now, it will be made mandatory when the President gets the necessary statutory power. Stations on the New York Thruway and Pennsylvania Turnpike were ordered by state authorities to comply with the President's request. Those on the New Jersey Turnpike were limited to selling only five gallons to a customer. In Massachusetts, the turnpike authority specifically ordered stations to stay open. Most dealers will go along with the ban, but many are riled. Says Cecil D. Norton, Missouri vice president of the Mid-America Gasoline Dealers

Assn., "We're being told how much we can sell, when we can sell it, and what we can charge for it. It is approaching dictatorship."

3) A nationwide speed limit of 50 m.p.h. for cars and 55 for trucks and buses. Traffic safety experts immediately complained that permitting trucks to go faster than cars substantially increases the risk of accidents during passing. Long-haul drivers in the Teamsters Union, once a Nixon favorite, are bitter, too. Drivers are paid by the mile and limited to working ten hours a day; slower speeds mean less distance covered—and slimmer paychecks.

4) A request for a coast-to-coast

crisis being announced, taxi drivers descended on Washington to seek the help of Senator Henry ("Scoop") Jackson, Washington Democrat, in making sure their gas supplies are not reduced.

Nixon also signed a new bill that for the first time brings crude, residual oil and gasoline under the allocation program. In theory, the Government can now prevent the closing of refineries dependent on foreign crude by shifting domestic oil to them. But the Administration has not yet equipped itself with the means to shift oil. It has not mobilized tankers to carry refined oil from amply supplied Louisiana and Texas to fuel-parched New England.

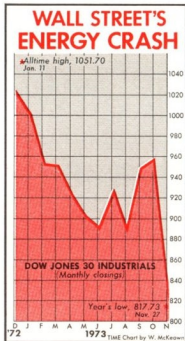
Most energy experts view the Administration's efforts so far as woefully inadequate and favor immediate rationing. Says Texaco Chairman Maurice F. Granville: "The U.S. must be prepared to take more far-reaching steps to bring consumption of oil products under control."

Vow Renewed. Meanwhile Congress is pushing ahead on energy-related legislation. Last week the House approved year-round Daylight Saving Time. The Senate is likely to pass a similar measure this week, and the law should take effect by January. Setting clocks ahead one hour could reduce nighttime electrical use and shave about 2% off the nation's demand for energy. The one-year energy emergency bill, which would greatly expand presidential authority to order fuel conservation, is now before the House Commerce Committee, having already passed the Senate. Despite the critical need for speed, a flood of amendments is likely to delay its passage.

No relief from the squeeze is in sight. At a summit meeting in Algiers last week, the Arab leaders renewed their vow to withhold their oil until Israel is forced by world pressure to give up conquered Arab territory, including some sections of Jerusalem. In addition, the Arabs imposed oil embargoes on three more nations—Rhodesia, Portugal and South Africa—charging that they were not only pro-Israel, but anti-black.

In Europe, where the first big snow fell last week, the reduction in shipments of Arab oil is beginning to hurt. The British government began issuing coupon booklets as the first step toward probable gasoline rationing. Sweden announced that it will impose gas rationing on Jan. 7. A Sunday ban on driving began in West Germany, and officials openly predict a recession next year if the oil crisis intensifies. Electricity was shut off in many Italian towns for as long as 24 hours.

For the U.S., time is running out. If the nation is to avoid a devastating energy crunch this winter, the Administration must fashion a comprehensive, closely coordinated policy to deal with the encroaching emergency. The creation of Simon's new agency is a promising step in that direction.



blackout of all unnecessary outdoor lighting, including Christmas displays. Compliance with this request has been spotty; some towns and cities are indeed dousing lights, but others are going ahead with dazzling Christmas displays.

The Administration also moved last week to bring some order to its so far largely ineffectual fuel allocation program, which is supposed to ensure that energy-short areas and industries do not suffer undue hardship. Love's Energy Policy Office announced its first set of nonheating priorities, to take effect Dec. 27. Public transportation and oil, coal and other fuel-producing industries will get unlimited supplies. Food processors, police and fire stations and medical services will be given as much fuel as they used last year. Mail services, trucks, trains and ships will get 90% as much fuel as they burned in 1972; so will factories in the case of fuel used to run machinery rather than heat buildings. Even as the new pri-

INDUSTRY

The Shortage's Losers and Winners

Investors, economists and industrial planners always had to weigh a bewildering number of factors in gauging which industries are likely to prosper and which may decline. Now they have a new imponderable of overpowering importance to consider: how much fuel each business will be apportioned under the Government's allocation plans. President Nixon has already ordered a variety of cuts in fuel distributed to industry generally, but priorities for doling out the remaining supplies among

hurt, those highly vulnerable, those with mixed prospects and a few that are actually likely to profit. A rundown:

Already hurt:

AUTOMAKERS have seen sales fall 11% below a year ago because of climbing gas prices and fear of worsening shortages. General Motors is going ahead with plans to temporarily close 16 plants and lay off 105,000 workers, despite pleas last week from the United Auto Workers that it at least delay the

casts the loss of as many as 1.8 million jobs by workers in various industries next year because of a 15% decline in petrochemical production if allocations are not made more liberal.

BUILDERS, already suffering from a squeeze on mortgage money, have severe new worries. Construction men rage that doling out fuel on the basis of "year-earlier" usage (that is, so much less this month than in December 1972) will unfairly penalize an industry whose project starts are erratically timed, depending on the weather and the availability of workers and contracts. Materials shortages loom too: the manufacture of lime, a key ingredient in cement, requires more energy than any other product made in the U.S., and diesel fuel to run construction machinery is scarce. Economists at a Washington conference sponsored by the Federal Home Loan Bank Board predicted a drop in housing starts to 1.5 million next year, from 2,000,000 in 1973. In turn, such a decline may well affect home appliance and furniture sales.

THE RECREATION INDUSTRY faces a steep decline because the country will have to get over its addiction to automobile vacations—while airline flights are being reduced too. Drive-in restaurants, hotel and motel chains and ski resorts are obvious potential sufferers. Though some ski-resort operators remain hopeful, Frederick Andresen, president of Ski Industries America, worried that a mandatory Sunday closing of gas stations may threaten 750,000 jobs and \$2 billion in business. Some analysts expect sales of cameras and film to drop, because they are largely bought by vacationers. Las Vegas is still booming; MGM this week will open a new \$106 million hotel. But businessmen are nervous because 65% of the gamblers arrive by car. Nevada Governor Mike O'Callaghan is trying to persuade Amtrak to provide weekend train service from Los Angeles.

EXPORTERS and companies with extensive foreign operations could be hit. The reason is that the Arab oil production cutbacks are likely to depress industry in Europe far more deeply than in the U.S. Argus Research Corp., which analyzes securities, speculates that reduced capital spending in Europe will hurt Westinghouse worse than General Electric, whose foreign operations are mostly in Canada and South America. Kaiser and Alcoa, which market little of their aluminum abroad, will not suffer as much as Alcan Aluminum and Reynolds Metals, which do.

PRIVATE-PLANE MAKERS could well be devastated. Aerospace-dependent Wichita, Kans., three years ago competed with Seattle for the nation's highest unemployment rate (12%), but it struggled back to prosperity because of aggressive development of executive aircraft by Cessna, Beech and Gates Learjet. They make six out of every ten light planes sold in the U.S. President Nixon, however, has now ordered a whop-



TICKET HOLDERS ARGUING AFTER BEING BUMPED FROM OVERSOLD FLIGHT

Turn forward the clock and turn down the thermostat.

businessmen scrambling for them have not been worked out in detail.

At stake in the decision are not only the fortunes of individual companies and their workers but the extent of the damage that the fuel shortage will wreak on the whole economy; an ill-conceived allocation scheme could badly magnify it. Explains Anne Carter, a Brandeis University economist: "Allocation is not even a question of fairness, although the consumer thinks of it that way. Allocation has to be balanced to provide for balanced production." In other words, fuel will have to be denied primarily to those industries least likely to have a significant impact on other industries and thus least likely to trigger a severe recession that would boost unemployment beyond the 6% rate now widely expected next year.

Isolating those industries in the tangled web of business interrelationships is no easy job, and economists cannot yet sort out in any detail which industries stand to suffer how much. It is possible, however, to group some industries into four rough classes: those already

cutback until after Christmas. Chrysler Corp. followed suit, ordering brief shutdowns of ten North American assembly plants that will idle 44,000 workers.

AIRLINES are canceling more flights and stranding some passengers. United last week scratched 100 daily flights starting Jan. 7 and began an expected parade of layoffs by furloughing 950 employees, including 300 pilots. Eastern mailed layoff notices to 360 pilots. United President Edward E. Carlson, who once predicted a 4% rise in airline revenues next year, now expects "zero" growth. The effect on profits is a toss-up: airlines will be helped by higher fares and the running of their remaining flights more fully loaded, but hurt by higher costs for jet fuel and ground maintenance of mothballed planes.

Vulnerable:

PETROCHEMICAL MAKERS so far have received a low priority, even though their products are vital to the manufacture of all sorts of goods, from drugs to records. The management consultant firm of Arthur D. Little Inc. fore-

ping 42% cut in fuel for business aircraft, a move that has hit Wichita with all the impact of an antipersonnel bomb.

Mixed Prospects:

OIL COMPANIES have been posting enormous profit increases—up to 90% in the third quarter for Gulf. Rising prices will surely keep profits up, but the oilmen nevertheless have problems: they may have to close some refineries because of an inability to get crude. Mobil last week announced that after Dec. 31 it will "mothball" an East Chicago refinery that has been processing 47,000 bbl. per day of crude for small independent oil companies. Small oil distributors will be really pinched. John Fiore has been supplying diesel fuel to barges, tugs and fishing boats in Boston harbor for 40 years, recently at the rate of 60,000 gal. a week. Last week he sold none, because he could get none.

TRUCKERS have obvious miseries; a few are already being stranded without fuel. But some analysts expect big truck lines to do relatively well, because they will probably get generous supplies of diesel fuel under any rationing system. Small lines whose trucks fill up along the highway may be forced out of business as diesel fuel becomes harder to find. The big lines, then, might pluck the most profitable contracts of the little lines that go under.

Winners:

RETAILERS cash registers are ringing because of panic buying of products that supposedly help consumers to cope with the fuel shortage. One hot item: a clock-operated thermostat that can lower nighttime temperatures automatically after everyone is asleep. Electric heaters are also selling rapidly, as are propane-burning catalytic heaters normally used by campers. The electric heaters gulp energy prodigiously, and the propane type can be dangerous in enclosed spaces because they give off carbon monoxide fumes.

RAILROADS, long starved for profits, should prosper because they use energy efficiently, especially in long hauls.

INSURERS may well consider gasless Sundays a blessing; the resulting drop in weekend driving will reduce their heavy burden of accident claims.

MISCELLANEOUS firms of varied size and description stand to make money from the crisis. Drilling service companies, like the French giant Schlumberger, are profiting from renewed interest

EUROPE

Slipping Around the Embargo

Clearly, something mysterious was afoot. While Ahmed Zaki Yamani, Saudi Arabia's oil minister, wandered about Europe promising a continued flow of oil to the Arabs "friends" and privation to enemies, almost the opposite seemed to be happening. In Britain, Germany, Italy and other nations classified by the Arabs as friendly or neutral, serious energy shortfalls loomed. But in The Netherlands, the one Common Market nation on the Arab embargo list, some Christmas lights continued to blaze and visitors reported hotel rooms occasionally so toasty that windows had to be thrown open. Though the Dutch led Europe in banning Sunday driving, their other conservation measures are actually less stringent than those of some European neighbors.

The embargo obviously is being circumvented by the major multinational oil companies, with at least the knowledge if not the active cooperation of European governments. In a Europe desperately afraid of further offending the Arabs, no one wants to talk about the strategy, but it seems to work like this: the oil companies are duly sending elsewhere Arab oil that normally would go to The Netherlands. But they are replacing it by rerouting to Rotterdam oil from Nigeria, Venezuela or Indonesia

in oil exploration. In Maine, the Franklin Stove Foundry Inc. has sold 33% more wood-burning stoves this year than it did in 1972.

The energy crisis has even spawned one boomtown: Taft, Calif. (pop. 4,285). It is on the rim of the Elk Hills Naval Oil Reserve, whose wells will have to help fuel the military (see page 47). Bank deposits are up 35%, and loan requests have increased 25% over last year; 50 new condominiums are being built.

What usually would go to Britain, Germany or other countries—over the protests of some British distributors who have not yet received some shipments that they were promised.* In addition, even some Arab oil may still be flowing into The Netherlands.

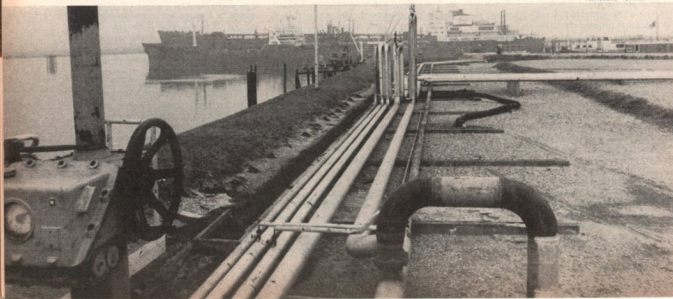
Why would the multinationals, vulnerable to Arab nationalization of their wells, so effectively frustrate the spirit of the boycott—and why would governments go along with a practice that seemingly hurts their own citizens? Actually, they have little choice. Rotterdam is the largest refining center in Northern Europe. Shell, Exxon, Chevron, British Petroleum and Gulf all have huge refineries there that supply neighboring countries as well as the Dutch.

Winking at Help. The oil companies must try to keep serving the customers of those refineries or risk being sued for breach of contract. Moreover, Rotterdam's "Europort" is more than twice as big as any other port in the world (the runner-up is not even in Europe, but in Kobe, Japan). Only a few

*The oil companies can easily shift the destinations—as well as the source—of thousands of barrels of crude in minutes by a few calls to tanker captains. In 1951, when Iran's Premier Mohammed Mossadegh nationalized that country's wells, the multinationals overnight dropped Iran's share of the world market from 6% to zero.

OIL PIPELINES & PASSING TANKER IN THE NETHERLANDS' BUSY ROTTERDAM HARBOR LAST WEEK

FRANCOLIN—GAMMA



Know-well



You can't tell a TIME reader by his occupation, or his avocation. They're scuba divers and scientists, teachers and theologians, outdoorsmen and insiders.

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supertankers can be diverted from Rotterdam to Le Havre, the strongest rival port.

Even the Arabs seem to be winking at the continued supplying of The Netherlands. Abdul Rahman al Attiki, Kuwait minister of oil and finance, is on record as saying: "If Europe wants to deprive itself of oil to help Holland, that is its business. But should they defy the Arab states by announcing solidarity with Holland publicly, then we shall take measures against them." The message could not have been clearer if it had been shouted from a minaret: Re-route shipments all you please—just don't talk about it.

That statement indicates not naiveté but subtle strategy. The Arabs fully appreciate that Rotterdam is the critical conduit for oil to Northern Europe. By singling out the Dutch, they are able to menace all of Europe while officially punishing only one nation. By allowing the continued—though significantly reduced—flow of oil through the Dutch port, they prevent total European collapse (which they do not want) while gaining more efficient control over that flow than if they had to track down where each barrel of their oil is going. Just as easily as they wink at the subterfuge, they can stop it when they please—and really freeze out Europe.

TECHNOLOGY

Alternatives to Oil

Most experts agree that the timetable for Operation Independence—President Nixon's code name for the achievement of U.S. self-sufficiency in energy by 1980—is unrealistic. Under the best of circumstances, it will take longer than that. But there is nothing unreal about Nixon's call for the commitment of \$10 billion for energy research and development over the next five years. Since Congress strongly backs the idea, the funds will likely be appropriated. The money can certainly be well spent; the question is how best to divide it among worthy programs.

An answer lies in a special report that goes to the White House this week. Called "The Nation's Energy Future," it is the result of a crash effort by a Government task force headed by Dixy Lee Ray, chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission. Given an extremely tight schedule—Nixon requested in June that a blueprint of energy research and development needs be delivered to him by Dec. 1—Ray's team tapped all available sources: Government agencies, private corporations and scientific institutions. After sifting the suggestions, it came up with guidelines for the U.S.'s research program for the next five years.

The most notable increase proposed in the R. and D. budget involves the nation's most abundant fuel—coal. Where coal research now gets a relatively small \$167.2 million a year (almost twice last

year's figure), the report recommends \$405 million next year. By fiscal 1979, some \$2.18 billion would be spent on such priority projects as taking sulfur out of coal and turning the black mineral into more easily transported and more widely used fossil fuels: gas and oil.

The other big money item in the R. and D. budget is the breeder reactor, the machine that will produce energy in the next generation of nuclear (fission) power plants. This promising device, which creates (or breeds) slightly more fuel than it consumes, has been heavily funded ever since Nixon called for its fast development in 1971. Though other nations—most notably the U.S.S.R.—have prototype breeders, the U.S. does not. Its breeder program now gets \$365.6 million a year. Next year, the report says, that amount should jump to \$515.5 million, and a total of \$2.8 billion should go to the breeder through fiscal 1979. Another \$1.25 billion would be spent to

improve conventional nuclear plants, which are expected to produce more and more of the U.S.'s electricity; the lion's share—almost 60%—would be for making safer reactors and thus quieting anti-nuclear critics.

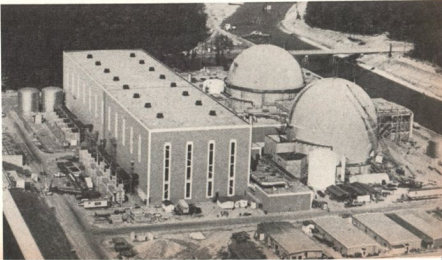
Looking further into the future, the report stresses thermonuclear fusion, the process that causes hydrogen bombs to explode. Controlling fusion is extremely difficult, but the effort is worthwhile. Unlike fission processes (such as those used in the breeder), fusion produces only very small amounts of dangerous radioactivity. Better yet, its fuel can be deuterium, a common element in sea water. This year only \$98.7 million in research funds are allocated to domesticate this almost limitless source of energy. But next year fusion should receive \$145 million and—if the research pays off—much more money thereafter. Solar energy (now getting \$13.2 million) would be boosted to \$32.5 million in fiscal 1975; a total of \$200 million is earmarked for sunpower through fiscal 1979. As for harnessing the earth's own heat, the report recommends that geothermal research be increased from this year's \$11.1 million to \$40 million next year and \$185 million through 1979.

Ray's report makes clear that spending \$1.4 billion over the next five years in order to find ways to conserve energy would be a wise investment. While properly insulating homes and turning off unnecessary lights are helpful in saving energy, Ray's team focused on overcoming the gross inefficiencies in the existing energy system. In particular, \$1.2 billion should go to cut losses of electricity in its presently wasteful transmission* and to improve the efficiency of the U.S.'s energy-guzzling machines, from high-powered autos all the way down to the incandescent light bulb.

Ambitious as Ray's suggested program may seem, some critics think it is too short-lived. Senator Henry M. Jackson's Interior Committee has reported out an alternative energy research and development bill. Its suggested budget for the next ten years: \$20 billion.

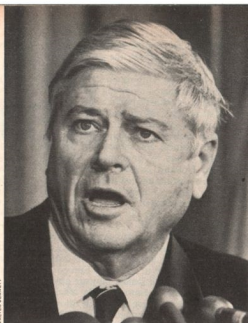
*As a rule of thumb, about 10% of generated electricity is lost when it is moved from power station to consumer because of static along the wires.

AEC CHAIRMAN DIXY LEE RAY





ENGINEERS INSPECTING WASTE AT TEST SHALE OIL SITE IN COLORADO



MORTON ANNOUNCING NEW LEASES

MINING

Shift to Shale

Potentially, shale oil is a fabulous fuel. It requires no costly hit-or-miss exploration, no ocean rigs, no precarious negotiations with foreign governments. Instead, it is a U.S. resource, locked in immense quantities—estimates range from 600 billion to 3 trillion bbl.—in rock formations throughout the semiarid Rocky Mountain states. But no major shale-oil development could begin until the Federal Government, which owns between 70% and 80% of the oil-bearing lands, decided to lease out its deposits. That decision, in turn, depended mostly on how serious the environmental effects of mining would be.

Last week, after studying the situation for more than three years, the Interior Department announced that it would launch an experimental program to tap federal shale-oil reserves. "It is in the national interest" to go ahead, said Interior Secretary Rogers C.B. Morton, adding: "We have developed rigorous and comprehensive environmental controls. The potential benefits outweigh the unavoidable costs and risks involved."

Those benefits start, of course, with the fact that the U.S. needs the oil. Economical methods have been developed to get it (estimated cost per bbl.: around \$6, or about as much as that of newly found U.S. oil). In each of these, the shale is literally chewed up and cooked. Under heat, the kerogen in the rock yields a heavy oil similar to petroleum crude. As an environmental plus, shale oil contains very little sulfur. At first glance, Interior's program might appear to be too tentative and cautious for an energy-starved nation. Of the Federal Government's 8 million acres of oil-

shale land, only six tracts will be leased for exploitation: two each in Utah, Wyoming and Colorado. Each tract will comprise only 5,120 acres. But the two richest parcels—those in Colorado—contain nearly as much potential oil (some 9 billion bbl.) as that located by the great strike on Alaska's North Slope.

Each winning bidder in auctions beginning in January will have to invest \$200 million to \$250 million just to get the oil out of the rock. Return on that investment will be slow, because construction of mines and refineries will take about five years. The first plants are expected to produce 250,000 bbl. of shale oil a day. That is only 1% of the nation's daily demand for oil—"a teacup," says one oilman. The justification is that if all goes well, the shale-oil industry could be expanded to provide 1 million bbl. a day by 1985, and eventually perhaps 100% of the U.S.'s needs.

Nuclear Mining. Since the program is experimental, the Interior Department expects that different extraction techniques will be used in different locations. At the two tracts in Wyoming, for example, the oil will most likely be boiled out of the rock *in situ*—underground. Occidental Petroleum Co., one of the many U.S. oil companies that lease private oil-shale lands, has developed such a process. Occidental's technique is to blast a chamber inside the oil-bearing rock, inject natural gas into it and then set it afire. The subterranean conflagration would cause the rock to yield its oil, which would then be brought to the surface via special wells. The cost is estimated at slightly more than \$1 per bbl. To get the same result another way, Arthur Lewis of the University of California Lawrence Laboratory suggests that the necessary heat come from atomic bombs, which would be exploded in deep layers of rock.

Open-pit mining methods, like those used to get copper in Butte, Mont., may also be tested, probably at one of the Colorado tracts. Great earth-moving machines would first peel back the sagebrush and grass over thousands of acres, next remove billions of tons of earth and rock, and finally gouge out the oil-shale beds 100 ft. to 850 ft. below the surface. The other technique, to be tried at the remaining leaseholds, will be to deep-mine with conventional pillar-and-room tunneling, as is done with coal—but on a gargantuan scale. More than 70,000 tons of oil shale might be moved daily from mine to processing plant. There, the shale would be crushed and heated to about 950° F. in retorts. The extracted oil would then be refined.

Environmentalists are aghast at the project. Their biggest fear concerns waste shale. Almost incredibly, once the oil has been removed, what remains is pulverized rock with at least a 12% greater volume than it had before it was mined. Reason: there are spaces between the rock particles that did not exist when the rock was in the ground. What can be done with this spent shale? Colony Development Operation, a consortium of companies including Atlantic Richfield and Standard Oil of Ohio, has spent \$1,000,000 on detailed environmental studies of the problem. Conclusion: the powdered shale can be dumped into canyons, watered, fertilized and planted with vegetation to prevent winds from blowing it into dust storms. All this can be done, says Colony, with minimal harm to the delicate ecology of the semi-arid region. Environmentalists wonder whether all companies would be so careful. If they were not, occasional rains would leach residual salts out of the wastes, sweep them into streams, and thus contaminate the area's precious water supplies.

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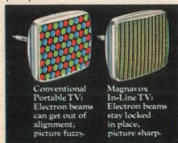
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WILL THEY HAVE ENOUGH FUEL TO FLY? NAVY PHANTOM FIGHTER PREPARING FOR TAKEOFF FROM ATTACK CARRIER

U.S. NAVY

DEFENSE

Keeping the Military in Business

Jet trainers are flying 18% fewer hours, and warships are spending 20% fewer days at sea. One of every ten vehicles in the Air Force fleet of cars and trucks in Europe has been put on blocks. Secretary of Defense James R. Schlesinger has taken to prowling his Pentagon chilly corridors (thermostat setting: 65°-68°) in a woolen pullover.

These examples point up one of the most important, though least noticed, aspects of the energy crisis. The U.S. military machine runs on oil—high-energy JP-4 for jet fighters, hydrocarbon-based propellants for rockets, bunker oil for aircraft carriers, lubricant for M-16 rifles—and oil is suddenly almost as hard to come by for the military as it is for civilians. The Pentagon is having to drain scarce supplies away from civilian use, worsening the shortages of heating oil and gasoline. Even so, military men are worried about maintaining combat readiness.

Supply Squeeze. Even before the Arab embargo, the armed forces were in a supply squeeze. For several months they had experienced trouble persuading U.S. oil companies to bid on military contracts. As early as last July, word went out to units around the world to conserve supplies. But U.S. wells supply only about half of the 670,000 bbl. of POL (petroleum, oil lubricants) that American forces normally burn every day; nearly all of the other half used to come from the Arabs, mostly to supply units overseas (American troops fought the Viet Nam War almost entirely on Arab oil). The Arab cutoff is now threatening to make a difficult situation dangerous.

Some of the economies that the military has instituted to cope with the squeeze are simple, sensible and prob-

ably long overdue. The household goods of transferring service families are moving by sea rather than by air. Military speed limits have been reduced to 50 m.p.h. Motor pools have been ordered no longer to let drivers warm up staff cars for the instant comfort of their passengers. Anticipating the shortage, some of the Joint Chiefs of Staff began swapping their Chrysler limousines for Chevies. Planes are taxiing more slowly, and many courier flights have been consolidated or dropped. Helicopter rides to the golf course have been curtailed.

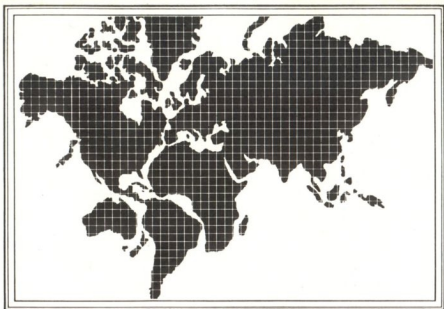
But while the Pentagon is cutting into fat, it fears it also is cutting into muscle. With Mediterranean depots off limits to the Sixth Fleet, and Singapore and the Philippines unable to supply Middle East oil to the Seventh Fleet, these two key armadas are being fed from the stores of units in less troubled areas, notably the U.S. Fuel to other units is being laddled out almost as if it were ammunition at the Alamo, to meet "minimal training requirements." Pilots are doing their flying in ground simulators, tank crews and sailors are spending less time at their stations, infantrymen and aviation ground crews are getting less experience on the job. Admiral Noel Gayler, commander in chief of U.S. forces in the Pacific, has ordered a 25% to 50% cut in fuel consumption for all of his units except the Seventh Fleet. Most of the fuel is being given up by planes assigned to logistics missions.

"We can live with the shortage as a short-term thing," says Admiral Thomas Moorer, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs. "But if we continue at a lowered tempo, there will be progressive deterioration of combat readiness. We're just like a football team, and if you don't

practice during the week, you may not be able to play the game on Saturday." Moorer has assigned top priority for oil to combat preparedness and training for critical units in the Mediterranean and Southeast Asia. Next call goes to basic training, flight training, maneuvers and proficiency exercises. Administrative and housekeeping functions, including hospitals, come third.

More Austere. The Pentagon does have more capability of increasing supplies than civilian businesses do. Indeed, nearly half the deficiency caused by the Arab embargo can be made up by tapping the naval reserves at Elk Hills, Calif. The field's current output of 5,000 bbl. a day can be boosted to 160,000 bbl. a day in three months if Congress authorizes the increase, as the Energy Emergency Bill passed by the Senate and now before the House would have it do. But the oil-parched military, unable to wait, has invoked an existing law to tap a larger domestic pool. In 1950, during the Korean War, Congress gave the Defense Department standby authority to pre-empt civilian supplies. The law was never used then, but it was last week. At Defense's request, the Department of the Interior ordered 22 major oil companies to deliver 19.6 million bbl. of fuel and other petroleum distillates to the military by Jan. 16. That should keep the machine running at its current rate for about another month. After that, there probably will be more levies.

Despite all the oil being drawn from the dwindling civilian supply, Joint Chiefs Chairman Moorer has ordered the military to be "even more austere than the public at large." The result is that more servicemen may find themselves in the shoes of General David C. Jones, U.S. Air Force commander in Europe. Jones has ordered his driver to keep his sedan in the motor pool, as the general twice daily walks the mile between his quarters and his office.



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That's the single most important point about a corporation, like General Motors, being multinational in its operations.

Peace and human progress aren't made by platitudes. We realize that. In a hard-nosed view of the world, these are the facts as they apply to our business:

We build cars where the business opportunities are. We don't do it on the basis of labor costs being lower than in the United States. Nor do we build an overseas plant just because of the relative tax advantages. The demand for our products dictates the location of the plant.

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living standard in a country rises, our business opportunity increases.

The effect on our national interest here at home of GM operating as a multinational company has also been good. From 1946 through 1972, General Motors made a favorable contribution of \$14 billion to the U.S. balance of payments.

While we opened plants in other countries, it has not adversely affected employment in the U.S. Between 1960 and 1972, average employment at GM in the United States increased by 20%. That compares favorably with a 12% increase in total U.S. manufacturing during the same period.

However, we limit our overseas business to manufacturing and marketing. General Motors has not and will not speculate in world money markets.

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General Motors

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What Went Wrong

In the 16th century, the Mogul Emperor Akbar the Great decided to erect a new capital for his empire on the dry plains of northern India. Vast amounts of money were spent, and the best architects and artisans were hired to lay out its imposing squares and build its graceful, airy palaces. Virtually untouched by the centuries, Fatehpur Sikri still stands—a beautiful monument to bad planning. Just 15 years after it was completed, Akbar's capital exhausted its water supply and was summarily abandoned.

History is full of such expensive errors, of cities and civilizations brought low because their leaders failed to exercise even ordinary foresight. Any good agronomist, for example, could have predicted that overplanting of semiarid land would lead to the vast Midwestern dust bowls of the '30s. Anybody with ordinary intelligence could have discerned in the '50s the potential for violence that resulted in the black explosions of the '60s. No disaster, however, has been more visible from a distance—or caught people more off guard—than the energy crisis. The failure to head it off, despite loud and repeated warnings, may some day be considered America's economic Pearl Harbor.

The basic problem was obvious to anyone who could read a simple line graph. For years, American consumption of oil has been rising faster than American production of oil. After the two lines crossed in the mid-'60s, the difference had to be made up by imports, with an ever-increasing percentage coming from Arab countries that disagreed with American policy toward Israel. The possibility of a cutoff was thereafter always present and predictable, and in hindsight, it is clear that the U.S. failed on every level to prepare for it.

It would not have taken the CIA to decipher Arab intentions. As far back as 1948, Arab nationalists were urging the use of oil as a political weapon in the fight against Israel. Two decades later, at the time of the Six-Day War, the Arab oil producers did, in fact, briefly cut off oil to the West. Their boycott did not succeed then because supplies outside the Arab world were still adequate, but the experience should have been warning enough that overdependence on such an uncertain supplier was foolhardy.

Many said as much. Wayne Aspinall, former Chairman of the House Interior Committee, said long before the current crunch, for instance, that he was "truly frightened by the potential conflict between pro-Israel sentiment in this country and our increasing reliance on Arab oil. I believe the U.S. is about to be caught in a Middle Eastern power play."

Underlining domestic warnings, Saudi Arabia's King Feisal was bluntly hinting as long ago as last April that unless the U.S. altered its Middle East policies, Saudi Arabia would begin to close the oil spigot. The hints were ignored, and Feisal sent his oil minister, Ahmed Zaki Yamani, to Washington to give the word directly to then Secretary of State William Rogers. When Washington yawned, Feisal himself gave the alarm in interviews with American reporters.

Still, no one in authority seemed to realize the gravity of the situation. "Oil without a market... doesn't do a country much good," President Nixon blandly said only a month before the Middle East war broke out anew, seemingly unaware that in oil there is now only a seller's market. Even in such a simple matter as providing adequate petroleum stockpiles, the U.S. was caught flatfooted. When the boycott began, Europe had, in proportion to its consumption, a far larger emergency supply in its oil bank than the U.S.

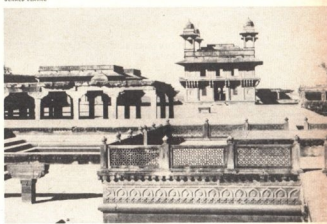
Why was Washington so oblivious to the Arab threat? Part of the reason may be that the memory of the brief and ineffectual 1967 Arab oil boycott made policymakers complacent. In fact, the Arabs had never been able to act together until this year, and there was at least some reason to think that they might never be able to. There seems, nonetheless, to have been an arrogant misreading of the Arab character, an inability to believe that the leaders of preindustrial societies could apply sophis-

ticated economic pressures. "At the beginning of World War II there was this saying: 'The Japanese cannot fly planes. They have bad eyes,'" says Peter Drucker, one of the country's foremost management experts. "Well, here we were saying: 'You know Arabs. They cannot cooperate.'" The biggest block to understanding, however, was probably the fact that neither Nixon nor his top advisers—or predecessors—seemed aware that the U.S. was on the brink of running short of energy even without the Arab boycott.

The shadows of the larger crisis have loomed over the U.S. for years. Back in the '50s, the Paley Report, commissioned by President Eisenhower, pinpointed a coming shortage of oil and coal. The warnings increased in tempo in the '60s. Biologist Paul Ehrlich was among the decade's many Cassandras. "Using straight mathematics," he now says, "what I was predicting then was foreseeable in the late '40s and early '50s. It was a case of simple multiplication—the number of people times what we were doing."

By 1970 John A. Carver Jr., a member of the Federal Power Commission, was saying: "A crisis exists right now. For the next three decades we will be in a race for our lives to meet our energy needs." Nor was the Nixon Administration unaware—or totally unaware. In a speech to oilmen in Dallas in the fall of 1970, Paul McCracken, then chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, clearly sketched the genesis of the problem and recommended a reserve capacity in the U.S., just in case anything

GERALD CLARKE



AKBAR'S CAPITAL OF FATEHPUR SIKRI

went wrong with foreign suppliers. It seems that nearly everybody knew. "We could see it coming," says James Boyd, who directed a federal commission that last summer predicted: "We conclude that an energy shortage, of severely disruptive and damaging proportions, is a distinct possibility in the immediate future."

Had the U.S. moved soon enough, much could have been done to avert the crisis. Mass transit could have been encouraged over highway building, bringing great savings in fuel as well as comfort. Research into ways to remove pollutants from coal, or to turn it profitably into oil or gas, could have been pushed much harder; that would have enabled the country to make much greater use of its most abundant fuel. Building codes could have been changed to require more effective heat-conserving insulation of houses.

Instead, with remarkable consistency and perverse ingenuity, the nation kept doing the exact opposite of what was required. For almost two decades, Washington has been spending tens of billions of dollars to subsidize highway building. Almost all American office buildings have been constructed with closed air systems that require air conditioning no matter what the outside temperature, and cities like Las Vegas even brag about how bright their lights are. As a result, energy consumption in the

U.S. has been growing at about 7% a year. If the whole world consumed energy at the American rate, the entire globe would run out of oil within ten to 20 years.

The errors go a long way back, but the Nixon Administration, as the one in office when the situation was approaching the crisis point, must bear a major share of the blame. As late as 1971, when energy warnings were already frequent and loud, Nixon persuaded Congress to remove the 7% excise tax on U.S.-built cars and temporarily slap a 10% tax surcharge on imported goods, including gas-saving small cars.

Although Nixon was the first President to issue a statement on energy, in the summer of 1971, he did little to meet immediate problems and nothing at all to coordinate often conflicting energy policies, which were divided among more than 60 federal agencies. Spotty shortages of heating oil last winter prompted Nixon to issue another energy message last April, but he still rejected talk of an immediate crisis and conveyed no sense of urgency about the need for conservation. Although he warned against "a false sense of security," he nevertheless stated: "We should not be misled into pessimistic predictions of an energy disaster."

"We talked about the need to be prepared for the worst 18 months ago," remembers David Freeman, a former White House energy adviser and now head of the Ford Foundation's Energy Study. "Maybe the solutions were so difficult that the policy makers avoided moving." Adds Greenville Garside, head of another energy-study group: "There was a general lack of interest. The Administration, specifically the White House, paid no attention to the problem until after the election."

The oil industry can share much of the blame. Its lobbyists have long succeeded in getting the industry special tax breaks. The most important: oil companies can credit against their U.S. income tax bills every dollar paid in taxes to foreign governments. This loophole gave the industry an enormous incentive to explore for oil overseas rather than inside the U.S. In the light of events, Nixon's just demoted Energy Boss John Love admitted to a Senate subcommittee last week that "the whole concept [of the loophole] needs to be re-examined."

Harvard Economist Marc Roberts traces the problem with the oil companies back to the Supreme Court decision of 1911 that split up the old Standard Oil Co. into a number of vertically integrated companies. Since each company controlled everything from oilfields to gas stations, Roberts argues, the group as a whole was powerful enough to stifle independent competition. Even if there were enough oil this year, there would not be enough U.S. refinery capacity to process it because the companies have built no new refineries in the U.S. for at least two years. "Couldn't the oil companies have forecast the fact that they were going to be short of gasoline by this year?" Roberts asks. "The answer is absolutely yes. Those companies have good economists, and they had to have known that some time in 1973 they would bump up against the restraints of their refining capacity." Oilmen retort that until recently they could not get high enough prices for their products to make new refineries yield an adequate return on investment.

Thornton Bradshaw, president of Atlantic Richfield, further contends that the industry was caught short by a whole congeries of events beyond its control. As recently as 1968—a "year of euphoria" for the industry, in his words—the companies thought that their supply problems were over; the Alaska North Slope oilfield had just been proved and was expected to be powering cars by 1972, drilling had started on a large offshore field in California's Santa Barbara Channel, and coal production was still going strong and was expected to take some of the slack from oil. Within months, all the promises were reversed: environmentalists stopped the Alaska pipeline, which was only recent-



CORONADO—LOS ANGELES TIMES

"Arabian Nights."

ly given final go-ahead; a giant oil spill forced a shutdown of the Santa Barbara fields; and environmental and safety laws slowed coal production. "Everything that could go wrong did go wrong in the energy business," remarks a top official in the Interior Department.

When blame is apportioned for the crisis, however, the Nixon Administration and the oil industry have plenty of company. Who gets the rest? Just about everybody. "The central thing is that the whole economy was based on growth," says Caltech Environmentalist Lester Lee, "and there was almost a religious conviction that growth and per capita energy use go together. That was a hard assumption to challenge." Paul Ehrlich agrees: "Our whole economic system is set up to maximize profits and put the emphasis on more production rather than on less usage."

Many experts see the roots of the present crisis in the simple fact that oil and natural gas have been too cheap. Not only has their low price encouraged waste, they argue, but it has made the country too dependent on one source of energy. If oil had been more costly, coal, atomic power and even the exotic sources (such as geothermal energy or energy from the tides) would have been more attractive to energy producers. "Energy was so damn cheap that it was not worth it to consider the alternatives," says M.I.T. Management Professor Carroll L. Wilson. "All you have to do is look around at M.I.T. and the other universities to see who the energy specialists are. There aren't any because there was no call for such expertise." The higher prices that consumers did not pay in the past—and now must—may eventually solve much of the crisis, reducing waste while at the same time encouraging development of alternative sources of energy.

The deepest roots of the crisis, perhaps, are psychological. Probably the biggest reason that the many warnings of trouble went unheeded was the disinclination of people to think about potential unpleasantness until it can no longer be avoided. Messengers of gloom have never been warmly welcomed by the rulers of nations or the ruled, and the avoidance of bad news—a mental habit epitomized by the "What, me worry?" of *Mad* magazine's Alfred E. Neuman—has long been an underrated force in human affairs. "People could never believe it could happen here," says Carroll Wilson. "One doesn't like to be told that a lucrative method of operation is potentially disastrous in the long run."

The development of the energy shortage is also a classic example of the difficulty that democratic governments experience in nerving themselves to alert citizens to a crisis and thereby head it off before it breaks in full force. U.S. Administrations, elected for four years, are not used to planning past their terms or worrying about the problems of their successors. Many of the moves that might have averted the present danger are the intensely unpopular type that elected politicians will not consider until they can point to a justifying emergency—if then. How many votes would a presidential candidate have received, for example, if he had proposed in 1964 a horsepower tax that would have fallen heavily on gas-guzzling, fast-getaway cars? How many votes would such a proposal get even now? Still, the mark of a leader is that he sometimes takes an unpopular position and changes public apathy to public concern.

Beyond that, there is the American myth that ingenuity and technology can solve all problems, from bad breath to empty gas tanks, and that tomorrow is bound to be good, no matter what. "There has always been in this country a reaction against the prophets of doom," says John Holdren of Berkeley's energy and resources program. "There is an inherent human optimism that makes people always think things will get better." But things sometimes get worse, and the prophets of doom are often worth listening to—as Americans may learn in the next few months.

■ Gerald Clarke

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SADAT OF EGYPT, BOUMEDIENNE OF ALGERIA, ASSAD OF SYRIA & SAUDI ARABIA'S KING FEISAL AT ALGIERS SUMMIT

THE WORLD

MIDDLE EAST

Euphoria in Algiers, Trouble at the Canal

It was a singularly varied collection of rulers that gathered in Algiers last week in the name of Arab unity. Among the representatives of the 16 nations who assembled for the sixth pan-Arab summit since 1964 were Marxist revolutionaries and Moslem kings, sheiks in flowing robes and guerrillas in commando uniform. Egyptian President Anwar Sadat showed up in a neatly tailored suit of banker's blue. Saudi Arabia's King Feisal wore a richly brown *bisht* with gold trim. While most of the delegates flew into Algiers' Dar el Beida airport, where they were greeted with 21-gun salutes and an honor guard with turbans and flashing swords, Morocco's King Hassan II arrived aboard the French cruise ship *Roussillon*, which he had chartered for the occasion. Hassan is understandably loath to fly: his own air force tried unsuccessfully to shoot down his plane last summer as he was returning home from a visit to France.

The three-day summit was surprisingly free of acrimony—except against Israel—in part because three notables were absent. The most radical of Arab leaders, Libya's Muammar Gaddafi and Iraq's Ahmed Hassan Bakr, boycotted the conference because they thought it would soften Arab attitudes toward Israel. Jordan's King Hussein stayed home—although he sent a delegation—because he resented the participation of Palestinian Leader Yasser Arafat. Concentrating on the three Ps of peace, petroleum and Palestine, the delegates, in the end, were able to wind up the meeting with the most impressive display of Arab unity in a quarter of a

century. Among the major decisions:

► Sadat and Syria's President Hafez Assad won an open mandate for moving ahead with plans for Arab representation at a peace conference in Geneva later this month, which will be sponsored by the U.S. and the Soviets. More than that, colleagues who had come to the conference talking about continuing the war with Israel voted instead to continue wartime subsidies to Egypt while Sadat searches for peace.

► Feisal, the principal apostle of a hard line on oil, persuaded the summit to continue the embargo on oil shipments to nations that support Israel. Some subtle variations were voted, however. Rhodesia, South Africa and Portugal were added to the list of embargoed nations, which also includes The Netherlands and the U.S. Japan and the Philippines were spared a further 5% production cut. European nations, except The Netherlands, were promised relief from scheduled cutbacks so long as they continued to maintain a pro-Arab line.

► Arafat, as leader of the multigroup Palestine Liberation Organization, was designated "sole" representative of the Palestinians at the upcoming Geneva conference, despite Jordanian protests. Thus the eventual lineup of Arabs at the peace table will include Egypt, Syria, Jordan and the Palestinians. The list is bound to irritate both King Hussein and Israeli Premier Golda Meir. "He doesn't represent a country," she said of Arafat last week. "I don't know how you negotiate with somebody who tells you that you are doomed to die."

No previous Arab summit had ever been carried on with such euphoria. After arriving in Algiers, the delegations were whisked 15 miles to the seaside resort of Club des Pins, where each chief of state was housed in a low one-story stone villa. Mornings were spent in inter-villa meetings, centering principally around the bungalows of Feisal, Sadat and Assad. Afternoon and evening general sessions took place in a Moorish-modern conference hall called the Palais des Nations. The claque outside the *palais* soon became a political barometer indicating the recognition and appeal of each representative. The loudest cheers were reserved for Sadat, who clearly had strengthened his position as principal spokesman of the Arab world.

Sadat had flown to Algiers to nail down approval for the peace negotiations that he now believes ought to follow the fighting. "Battle by itself," he said, "cannot constitute a solution of the problem. At the present time, we are on a promising road." There were a few brief, predictable calls for continuing the battle, but mainly the Arab rulers seemed to be savoring a famous victory. Tunisia's President Habib Bourguiba said it was "no longer thinkable to expel a people who have been in a place for 25 years." King Hassan, usually a realist, called the summit "the Arab Renaissance" and rejoiced that "we will pray in Jerusalem and salute the Palestinian flag. We will have victory parades in Cairo and Damascus."

The delegates were also concerned with broadening the Arabs' newly found role of global oil referee, which they have

THE WORLD

played with such skill that almost the entire world faces an energy crisis. "Our force now has a weight in the international balance," said the summit's host, Algerian President Houari Boumedienne exuberantly. "What we still expect from Europe is a recognition that the Arab nation is not just a reservoir of energy but a great human community of moral value."

The only thing that might have marred the unity of the summit—and may still—is the role to be played by the Palestinians in the peace negotiations. Arafat, wearing his familiar fatigues and kaffiyeh, came to Algiers directly from conferences in Moscow. There he was pressured into accepting, as "a minimal" position, the 1947 United Nations resolution that was to divide Palestine into Arab and Jewish sectors. Ensnared in a villa flying the red, green and black Palestinian flag, Arafat grandly passed out Cuban cigars that he had been given in the Kremlin. But he did not, as some delegates had anticipated, announce the formation of a Palestinian government in exile.

Summit Leverage. One reason he did not is that there is growing division among Palestinians themselves over peace talks. Such left-wing fedayeen groups as the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine are far from ready to compromise with Israel in any way. As if to demonstrate the schism, three Palestinians who called themselves the Arab Nationalist Youth for the Liberation of Palestine last week skyjacked a KLM 747 enroute from Amsterdam to Tokyo with 247 passengers aboard. They made vague demands for lessened Dutch support of Israel and for the release of Arab guerrillas imprisoned on Cyprus. The terrorists then ordered the plane flown from Damascus to Nicosia,

Tripoli and Malta before they finally let the passengers go and then gave themselves and the plane up in the little oil sheikdom of Dubai on the Persian Gulf. Significantly, the principal reason for the skyjacker's lack of success was that Arab airports would not give them permission to land for fuel or food.

Once the conference ended, Sadat flew back to Cairo, hoping to use the summit's leverage on the Egyptian-Israeli cease-fire talks at Kilometer 101 on the Cairo-Suez road. Indignantly, Sadat complained of Israeli "elusiveness."

In the three weeks since U.S. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger had outlined the subjects of the talks, the two sides have actually worked out almost every element of his proposed agreement. The exception, a key one, is disengagement of forces. Neither side insists any longer on defining the ambiguous question of withdrawal to the nebulous Oct. 22 cease-fire lines. Instead, the Egyptians have been demanding that Israel withdraw its forces from the west bank of the Suez Canal to a position in Sinai 20 miles or more from the east bank of the canal, and there keep only "normal sized forces." United Nations forces would be interposed between the Israeli and Egyptian troops alongside the canal.

Israel was amenable to withdrawal from the west bank, largely because its troops there are in a somewhat precarious and exposed position. Indeed, some observers suggested last week that the Israelis had built a causeway across the canal at Deversoir north of Great Bitter Lake not so much to reinforce its units in case of fighting, but to evacuate them back to the east bank if it became necessary. But in return for pulling back—and then only about ten miles from the canal—Israel insisted that Egypt



PALESTINIAN LEADER YASSER ARAFAT
Offering only cigars from the Kremlin.

thin out its east-bank forces, removing the armor and leaving only a small symbolic force of infantry.

By week's end the two sides were still a long way from resolving their differences—so much so that the talks were indefinitely recessed. More ominously, Egyptian and Israeli forces started up a 25-minute firefight with mortars and machine guns, about a mile from the Kilometer 101 U.N. base. Other fights were reported all up and down the west bank of the canal. Observers suggested that Egypt had started the fighting as a kind of small-scale war of attrition aimed at forcing Israel to disengage. Pointedly, Egyptian officers confirmed that since the cease-fire took effect, their front-line forces had been completely resupplied. Yet neither side seriously tried to escalate the shooting. The clear impression was that both wanted to avoid renewed fighting in order to get on with the business of Geneva. Nevertheless, there remained the definite danger of a misstep.

Second Trip. Henry Kissinger was aware that U.S. chances for easing its oil shortage, not to mention his own prestige as a peacemaker, rest on a successful beginning of negotiations in Geneva. Last week Kissinger was preparing for a second trip in as many months to the Middle East. The Secretary of State will visit Cairo, Amman and Damascus—if the Syrians agree to receive him—as well as Tel Aviv and then Geneva.

To the Israelis, Kissinger will probably point out that the time has come to test Arab intentions by pulling back in Sinai. He may perhaps warn the Arabs that the present oil policy heavily improves the Soviet position in the Middle East and runs the risk of losing U.S. support for such touchy issues as a Palestinian homeland and possible internationalization of Jerusalem. In view of the new spirit of unity created in Algiers last week, his arguments will have to be very convincing to have any effect.

UNITED NATIONS GUARDS OUTSIDE NEGOTIATORS' TENT AT KILOMETER 101



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ISRAEL

Disunity: The Enemy Within

In past military confrontations with its hostile neighbors, Israel could count on at least one decisive asset: its own unity, in contrast to debilitating discord within the Arabs' ranks. Facing perhaps its most serious challenge since it won the war for independence 25 years ago, Israel now finds its foes unprecedentedly unified, while its own internal harmony has been shaken by self-doubts and recriminations.

Israelis are confused by the setbacks that their armed forces suffered in the early days of the war, and depressed by the loss of at least 1,854 lives on the battlefield. Premier Golda Meir admit-

into the armed forces will be away from their vitally needed work in factories, shops and fields that much longer.

The extraordinary display of unity by Arab leaders in Algiers and the hard bargaining line taken by the Egyptians in the talks at Kilometer 101 can only unnervingly Israel even more. According to a poll released last week by the Israel Institute of Applied Social Research in Jerusalem, 84% of Israelis are convinced that the Arabs still intend to destroy Israel. Says Jack Lewin-Epstein, a Jerusalem dental surgeon: "The Arabs are not out after square kilometers of land but for the destruction of Israel. When

paper *Ha'aretz* revealed that only 45% of those questioned want Mrs. Meir to continue as Premier. In a poll before the war, 65% supported her. Ya'acov Shimshon Shapiro, who recently resigned as Minister of Justice, has again urged the Premier and Defense Minister Moshe Dayan to resign, charging that they are incapable of making peace. The youth magazine *Or* of Mrs. Meir's own Labor Party published an article calling for her resignation.

In a counterattack against her critics, Mrs. Meir last week summoned the 600-member Labor Party central committee to an extraordinary meeting. "We want to know who is for whom and who is for what," she declared. She soon learned. A demonstration of several hundred Labor Party members and leftists, some carrying posters demanding she resign, greeted her at the conference hall.

More Dovish. Inside the hall, bitter debates followed the presentation of the draft of a 14-point program. The draft did not explicitly revise the party platform adopted just before the war, which had called for Israeli expansion into the occupied Arab territories. Nonetheless, the proposed new program did seem slightly more dovish. For example, Point 2 of the draft platform calls upon Israel to maintain "defensible borders based on territorial compromise." Previous Labor Party conferences had rejected any reference to a compromise on territory and had demanded "secure borders—a clearly tougher concept than "defensible" borders.

But this slightly dovish trend is by no means general. It is offset by a strong trend in the opposite direction, as Israel is pulled to and fro between appeals to be more flexible and to be even more unyielding. This week Labor delegates convene again to prepare the party for the postponed Knesset elections, scheduled for Dec. 31. Before the war there was not much question that Labor would win an easy victory. But now the hawkish, right-wing Likud Coalition, led by War Hero General Ariel ("Arik") Sharon, looms as a formidable opponent; some polls indicate that it could capture as many seats as Labor.

Although Mrs. Meir is likely to remain Premier, a strong hawkish showing in the election would make it difficult for her new government to grant major concessions at the upcoming Geneva peace conference. A continued stalemate may lead to renewed warfare—something Israel can ill afford. On the other hand, Arye ("Lyova") Eliav, a leading Labor Party dove and critic of the Premier, warns that unless the party's leadership takes an even more conciliatory stance, "the street may come out against it." Considering the potentially volatile mood of Israel today, street demonstrations are not impossible, nor are clashes between hawks and doves. If that happens, Israel's leaders will hardly be able to negotiate with any strength in Geneva.



POLICE RESTRAINING ANGRY DEMONSTRATORS IN FRONT OF ISRAEL'S KNESSET

"Who is for whom, and who is for what?"

ted last week that in the first days of the Yom Kippur War, even she feared that Israel would be defeated and annihilated. Attempting to still the cries of critics who charge that her government was unprepared for the war, she appointed a nonpartisan five-man commission, headed by Supreme Court President Shimon Agranat, to investigate the army's errors.

Smashed Window. There was other criticism that she has not been able to still. Last Thursday about 100 relatives of prisoners held by the Syrians smashed some of the windows of the Knesset, Israel's parliament. They were demanding stronger government action to free the prisoners. Moreover, public irritability is bound to grow as the economic dislocation caused by the war gets worse. Last week the military command extended the "high state of alert" an additional 90 days. That meant that at least 165,000 Israelis—about 15% of the labor force—who were mobilized

the Arabs tell me in one form or another, day and night, that they are out to destroy my state, why should I not believe them?"

Fully 86% of Israel's citizens, according to the institute, believe that another war is possible, perhaps within a year. At the same time, reflecting Israel's current confused state of mind, 53% are now willing to return some of the occupied territories to Egypt; only 19% were prepared to do so at the height of the war. There are also, increasingly, shadings of thought about Arabs. Many Israelis, who have long viewed Jordan's King Hussein as the most accommodating Arab leader, refer to him by the friendly diminutive "Hussey" and praise him for not opening a third front against them. Egypt's President Anwar Sadat, if not liked, is at least more respected than he was before the war.

Israel's respect for its own government, meanwhile, has plummeted. A poll by Tel Aviv's independent news-



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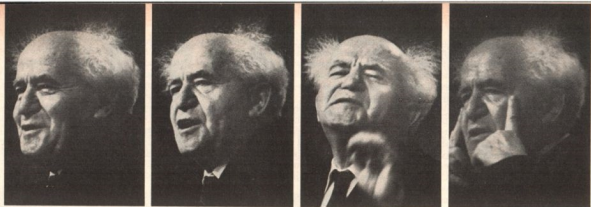
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The Death of a Realist and Visionary

The lustiest cheers at the vast military parade marking Israel's 25th anniversary in Jerusalem last May were neither for tanks and paratroopers passing the reviewing stand nor Phantoms whooshing overhead. Instead, the crowds cheered loudest for a slight, aging, white-thatched man being helped to a seat of honor among the dignitaries. He was David Ben-Gurion, Israel's longtime leader, first Prime Minister and, in a sense, its George Washington. Out of the Prime Minister's office for ten years and in complete retirement for three, Ben-Gurion, in that appearance, gave Israelis a fitting chance to acclaim his role in the birth, growth and maturity of their country.

As it turned out, the independence-day parade was their last chance. Even then, Ben-Gurion's health had begun to fail. Too feeble to stay at the Sde Boker kibbutz in the red-roofed bungalow he had occupied alone since Wife Paula's death five years before, he returned two months ago to his other home in Tel Aviv. He was working there on the third volume of his collected letters when he suffered a massive cerebral hemorrhage two weeks ago that left him paralyzed on his right side and unable to speak. He was rushed to Tel Hashomer hospital, where he died last weekend at 87.

A Jew First. Even though his political influence had waned, Ben-Gurion was mourned all over Israel. He was the realist and visionary who had dreamed of and worked for a Jewish state through half a century of Turkish, British and international rule in Palestine. He had suggested the name for the new country. He had carried out hard or unpopular decisions in the state's early days and inevitably left on Israel the strength of his own personality.

It was quite a personality. Ben-Gurion's moods covered the full range from stormy to stoical. He was at times arbitrary, vindictive and magnanimous. He had a disarming smile, but the deep-set brown eyes under the delta-like shock of white hair always burned. He believed in direct answers to direct questions, and his allegiance was unquestioning. "I am a Jew first and an Israeli afterward," invariably said the man

who came from a nonobservant family.

He was born David Gryn, and that was his name when he set out from Russia in 1906 and landed illegally at Jaffa to begin a new life as a Zionist pioneer. Once in Palestine, Gryn followed a practice of the early settlers and changed his name to Ben-Gurion, which in Hebrew means "Son of a Lion Cub." The new arrival was anxious to work the land ("That was the ideal life I wanted for myself," he would recall. "I saw in that the renewal of the Jewish nation"). He settled in the Galilean village of Sejera and insisted in later years that farming there had been his greatest joy. Friends, however, said that he was a less than expert plowman because he spent most of his time reading and studying.

Ben-Gurion soon left the land for the labor movement. He started out organizing Jewish workers and wrote for a small labor weekly. Eventually his political activities on behalf of Zionism so angered Turkish authorities that they exiled Ben-Gurion and forbade him ever "to set foot on Palestinian soil." He went to the U.S., met and married a Polish-born Brooklyn nurse named Paula Munweiss. After he became famous, she liked to tease him by saying that he had spent part of their wedding night at a Zionist meeting.

When the British replaced the Turks in Palestine, Ben-Gurion returned. His work gradually shifted from labor activities to Zionist planning. By 1920 he was helping to found the Jewish Labor Federation, which would become the all-encompassing Histadrut (labor federation) of modern Israel. He was elected chairman of the Jewish Agency Executive, political arm of the World Zionist Organization. At one point in his career, Ben-Gurion believed that Jews and Arabs could live side by side in peace; but extremist passions on both sides made such a plan impossible, and he soon sensed it. After 1935 he thought only in terms of Palestine as a Jewish state rather than as a homeland for both Jews and Arabs, and devoted himself to planning the immigration and armed strength necessary to accomplish it. "Without a Jewish army," he insisted, "there would never be a Jewish state."

It was Ben-Gurion who created the Haganah, the underground Jewish army. In 1942, at the Biltmore Hotel in New York City, he was able to get unqualified financial support for it from Jews abroad. Under Ben-Gurion, the Jews of Palestine following World War II developed a double strategy to end the British mandate over the territory that had been granted by the League of Nations. They stepped up the illegal immigration of Jews from Europe in the face of stern British measures to prevent it. Meanwhile, Jewish terrorists carried out a continuous assault on British personnel and bases. This desperate strategy succeeded, and "a Jewish state in the land of Israel" was proclaimed by Ben-Gurion at the Tel Aviv museum on May 14, 1948, the same day on which the last British soldier left the territory.

One People. The Jews of this newly created nation of Israel danced for joy. Ben-Gurion knew that five Arab armies were massed against his people, and he realized that the proclamation he had read was their call to war. Ben-Gurion acted as Defense Minister as well as Prime Minister and shrewdly defended his fledgling country on four fronts. At the same time, he prevented civil war by ordering Israeli soldiers to fire if the Jewish terrorist organization Irgun Zvai Leumi (National Military Organization) attempted to land weap-



UNDER TURKS



IN BRITISH ARMY

THE WORLD

ons for itself from the freighter *Altalena* in defiance of a Ben-Gurion order that "there shall be one army, one nation, one people." The Urgan, headed by present Knesset Opposition Leader Menahem Begin, backed down and obeyed Ben-Gurion.

Ben-Gurion stamped his own indelible mark on the new state. It was egalitarian, as he was, and his open-necked sports shirt became a kind of national costume that many Israeli leaders still feature today. The army had a favored place in his heart and it was Ben-Gurion who developed the Israeli warfare strategy based on pre-emptive strikes. With the 6,000 Israeli casualties of the War of Independence on his mind, he decided that Israel's urban centers were too near its borders and that fighting ought to take place on enemy soil with as few losses to Israel as possible.

Politically, Ben-Gurion engineered rapprochement with Germany despite strong protests at home. He also approved the capture and public trial of Nazi War Criminal Adolf Eichmann, so that young Sabras (native-born Israelis) would have a better understanding of what the Holocaust had meant.

"That Man." Ben-Gurion retired as Prime Minister in 1953, turning over the job to Foreign Minister Moshe Sharett. He returned to power in 1955, largely on the strength of a spy scandal that became known as "the Lavon affair," after Defense Minister Pinhas Lavon. For the next 15 years, as Prime Minister and then as a member of Israel's parliament, Ben-Gurion acted as a kind of political conscience. To make peace with the Arabs, he said he would return captured territories, "not because we have no right to them, but because we have room in the land that we had before the Six-Day War for all the Jews of the world." He recalled that his greatest wish in 1906 had been to see 500,000 Jews in Palestine, whereas by 1971 he considered that 8,000,000 was an acceptable figure (present population 3,000,000). Although he was not religious himself, Ben-Gurion argued that "every religious Jew has daily violated the precepts of Judaism and the Torah of Israel by remaining in the Diaspora."

Ben-Gurion founded a new party, Rafi, in 1965, but it never attracted the attention he had hoped for. In 1970 he withdrew from politics. From his outspoken political forays he left behind some bitter colleagues (Golda Meir would only refer to him as "that man") who were not reconciled until the public ceremonies two years ago that marked Ben-Gurion's 85th birthday.

At Sde Boker once more, Ben-Gurion spent his time furiously writing his memoirs—he was up to 1938 when he died—reading philosophy, and watching trees that he had planted swaying in the desert wind. He frequently urged the youth of Israel to try the same sort of pioneering that he had. "We have always been a small people," he would say, and then urge "the creation of a

model society and the institution of revolutionary changes." He did not drink or smoke, rarely went to concerts, disliked movies. The only novel he had ever read, he said, was Leon Uris' *Exodus*, and that because "I wanted to know what influences the Jews of America. I forced myself to read it."

Ben-Gurion was adored by Israelis in general, disliked by some political adversaries. But he was loved by only a few who knew him intimately, and of these the most loving was his wife Pau-

la. She gave him three children, cooked for him even when he was Prime Minister, and acted as a buffer against outsiders, including his colleagues in the government. "Anyone can be Prime Minister of Israel," she liked to say, "but there is only one man who can be Ben-Gurion." Paula's death in 1968 was a shock from which Ben-Gurion never recovered. Thus his final wish, which was granted last week: to be buried, after the unavoidable panoply of a state funeral, at her side at Sde Boker.



PRESIDENT GIZIKIS (LEFT) & PREMIER ANDROUTSOPOULOS AT SWEARING-IN CEREMONY

GREECE

Another Junta in Athens

The new military rulers of Greece moved quickly last week to consolidate their power. Within 48 hours after the Sunday morning coup that ousted the government of George Papadopoulos (TIME, Dec. 3), most tanks and troops were removed from the streets of Athens, a curfew imposed at the time of the coup was lifted, and public schools (but not the universities) were reopened. The junta even freed a token number of political leaders, students and workers who had been imprisoned by the previous regime after last month's rioting.

The deposed Papadopoulos remained under house arrest, presumably at his suburban villa. But the ouster of the much hated former President did not mean that Greece was on the way back to democracy. In a nationally televised speech, the new civilian Premier, U.S.-educated Adamandios Androutsopoulos, announced that the junta would rule indefinitely by decree, and would not hold the national elections that Papadopoulos had promised for some time in 1974. "We will bring our mission to its conclusion," he declared, "without interruptions, timetables or surprises."

Androutsopoulos argued that the

1974 elections would have been fraudulently conducted anyway, so the nation was none the worse off for their postponement. After all, he said, the two plebiscites that Papadopoulos had conducted—one on a new constitution for Greece, another on whether the country should be a republic instead of a monarchy—had resulted in "unbelievable majorities." Lest the people get the idea that the old dictatorship had merely been replaced by another, Androutsopoulos insisted that the junta would rule "sparingly, and always within the absolutely necessary limits for the functioning of the state."

In phrases reminiscent of those used by Papadopoulos in the 1967 coup that brought him to power, Androutsopoulos spoke of the need to "cleanse" Greek society and to fight the prevailing "climate of upheaval, uncertainty and slackness." Just about the only policies of the former regime that he did not attack were its economic programs, doubtless because he had helped to shape them as Papadopoulos' Finance Minister.

The makeup of the junta remained something of a mystery. The new President was a relatively unknown army of-

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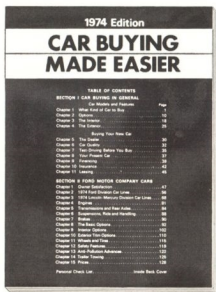
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ficer, Lieut. General Phaedon Gizikis (who was promoted to full general three days after the coup). But he did not seem to be a particularly forceful figure; in fact he went out of his way to announce, after taking the oath of office, that "I have no personal ambition." The new Cabinet was composed of civilian rightists who had been rounded up quickly after the takeover; some were unknowns and some were has-beens.

Apparently the most powerful member of the junta—and almost certainly the mastermind of the coup—was Brigadier General Dimitrios Ioannidis, head of the military police (see box).

Ioannidis is known to be militantly anti-Communist. There was some speculation that in planning the coup, Ioannidis capitalized on the student uprisings at Polytechnic University last month in order to play upon the Greek public's fears of Communism. For one thing, he allowed provocative film footage of the aftermath of rioting and street fighting to appear on Athens television—something that he could easily have prevented. As a result, many Greeks were convinced that a Communist takeover was imminent, and that the coup was organized to forestall it.

Even without the student rioting, however, the country had hit its fill of Papadopoulos. Housewives and workers were angry about inflation (30% in the past year), shortages, price controls and the burgeoning black market. The navy, traditionally royalist, was embittered by the way in which Papadopoulos, a former army man, had unceremoniously dumped the monarchy last June and then purged the navy's upper ranks. The army, in turn, felt that Papadopoulos was betraying the nationalist goals of the 1967 revolution and turning himself into a dictator. When he used tanks to crush the student rioting, the army leadership felt humiliated in the eyes of the Greek people. By the time he fell last week, George Papadopoulos had few friends left.

Next Phase. Whether he still had the support of the Nixon Administration was a matter of widespread debate in Athens in the days after the coup. Inevitably, perhaps, some Greeks whispered that the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency had engineered the whole thing. One particularly curious explanation: that the overthrow had something to do with avenging Spiro Agnew.

It was true that Washington had been annoyed by the refusal of the Papadopoulos government to allow U.S. planes bound for Israel to fly over Greece during the Yom Kippur War. Yet on balance it seemed that the U.S. would have had more to gain—in the short term, at least—by opposing the coup. The Administration had been pleased by Papadopoulos' recent promises of free elections, and by his acceptance in principle of the next phase of the U.S. Navy's plans to use Greece as a "home port" for the Sixth Fleet. Whether the new junta will go along

with the plan is not yet known, though Androutsopoulos has already made it clear that Greece will remain in NATO.

A more immediate problem for the junta is how to broaden the base of its support at home. Early reports suggested that Gizikis might call upon King Constantine to return from exile. At week's end the King was still at Clarendon, his favorite London haunt, refusing comment. There were also reports—from Paris, but significantly not from Athens—that the junta was negotiating with former Premier (1955-63) Constantine Caramanlis, now 66, to return to Greece and join the government.

Cool Papers. Why would the generals want Caramanlis, a respected politician of moderate views, to come home? If the stories prove to be true, the reason may be that they believe Caramanlis could effect a reconciliation between Greece and the Common Market, and thereby save the country from economic collapse. Greece's loss of associate membership in the EEC, as the

result of Europe's opposition to the Papadopoulos dictatorship, cost the nation \$300 million a year in agricultural benefits alone.

Whether Caramanlis would care to go home under the present circumstances was uncertain. Throughout the first week following the coup, Athens newspapers remained cool toward the new regime, even though Ioannidis was watching them carefully. Twice during the week the publishers of the capital's nine dailies were summoned to military police headquarters and given messages from the general. The first message was a reminder that Greece was under martial law and that newspapers should print nothing that was "likely to cause fear or anxiety."

The second message was even more instructive. Newspapers should be "extremely cautious," said Ioannidis, in their use of the word "elections." And they should refrain from speculating about the whereabouts or future disposition of George Papadopoulos.

Ioannidis: Power in the Wings

In Athens, a city where "everybody knows everybody else," almost everybody has heard of Brigadier General Dimitrios Ioannidis (pronounced Ee-oahn-ee-dis). A spectral, Beria-like figure who commands Greece's military police force—the feared ESA—Ioannidis was not seen by the public even at the swearing-in ceremony of Phaedon Gizikis, the colorless army general who is Greece's new President. He did not really have to, since it is Ioannidis and not Gizikis who runs the junta.

Despite his notoriety, Ioannidis is a man few Greeks have actually seen. "Well, he is about 5 ft. 9 in. or 10 in. He is thin, looks about 52, and has graying hair," goes one grudging description. An austere, hard-lining rightist, who lives alone, Ioannidis is described by one Washington military official as "a real tough cookie." Other acquaintances emphasize his reputation for being wholly incorruptible.

Little is known about Ioannidis' past. Born in 1923, the son of a moderately well-off businessman, he entered the Greek military academy in 1940, shortly before his country was attacked by Italy. During World War II, Ioannidis served with an anti-German (and anti-Communist) resistance unit. After the war, he was assigned to a succession of low-profile and lusterless army jobs.

Ioannidis was rescued from obscurity by George Papadopoulos as a reward for having helped him come to power in 1967. Papadopoulos made him chief of the military police, which gradually had been transformed into an internal security army. When Papadopoulos declared martial law after the 1967 coup, he increased ESA's power even fur-



NEW STRONGMAN IOANNIDIS

ther by making it the junta's chief arm of law and order. Many of the allegations of prisoner torture under the Papadopoulos regime involve ESA.

Ioannidis used his power base as the nation's police chief to oust his old boss, who he felt was liberalizing life in Greece much too quickly. Just what plans Ioannidis now has for Greece remain unclear. Some observers consider him a rigid, puritanical xenophobe—he has never been outside Greece or Cyprus—who might try to turn Greece into a European equivalent of Muammar Gaddafi's Libya. One thing is certain: he does not plan to return Greece to democracy any time soon.

"All I can say is that women, when they are in power, are much harsher than men ... You're schemers, you're evil. Every one of you." The misogynist? Iran's **Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi**, 54, in an interview with idol-smashing Italian Journalist **Oriana Fallaci** published in the *New Republic*. Fallaci, whose belt already holds the scalps of **Henry Kissinger**, **Willy Brandt** and **Nguyen Van Thieu**, scored again with the revelation that the Shah is not, after all, a ladies' man. What prompted His Sublime Highness's anger, however, was something quite simple. Fallaci had asked him if it were true that he had reverted to harem, taking another wife in addition to his third official one, **Empress Farah**, 35. Said the Shah: "A stupid, vile, disgusting libel."

The plot of the 1952 play was distinctly threadbare: seven candidates for the Distressed Gentlefolk's Aid Association trapped by a blizzard in a provincial guesthouse with a maniacal killer. But Murder Manufacturer **Agatha Chris-**

tie said optimistically. "I do think we will get quite a good run out of it," as she signed over all royalties to her grandson **Mathew Prichard**, 9. Twenty-one years later, *The Mousetrap* has become the longest running play ever, totting up 8,717 performances in London and earning \$7.5 million. Prichard, now 30 and a gentleman farmer in Wales, declined to comment on the extent of his fortune, and gallantly accompanied his benefactor **Dame Agatha**, 83, to a party celebrating the historic anniversary.

The U.S. Board of Parole took positive action in the case of **Clifford Irving**, who is serving a 2½-year sentence for dreaming up an "autobiography" of **Howard Hughes** and selling it to McGraw-Hill for \$765,000. Irving had hoped to spend Christmas with his sons, **Nedsky**, 5, and **Barnaby**, 3, especially since their mother **Edith** is sequestered in a Swiss jail for her part in the hoax. Instead Irving will be sprung on Feb. 14, 1974. It seemed almost as heavyhanded as Irving's own joke, but then the board could have chosen April 1.

"London always meant the most to me," exulted a magnanimous **Maria Callas**, 50, after she had ignited the Royal Festival Hall's S.R.O. audience. Ending an eight-year absence from the London stage, Callas shared a program of four duets and three solos each with Tenor **Giuseppe di Stefano**, 52. Three thousand ticket holders, who had spent an uneasy month of suspense after Callas canceled a previous concert, responded ecstatically. They gave the diva a 30-minute standing ovation, pelted the stage with flowers and finally mobbed her limousine. Exhilarated, Callas declared: "I can go on from here. I thought at one time I would never beat my nerves, but I have." However, that was before the critics had their say. Unanimous in mourning the passing of a great voice, they described her performance as "thin, hesitant" and her top register as weak.

even squally. The man from the *Financial Times* summed it up: "The effect was —well, as if the final duet of *Carmen* had been a record played on an old-fashioned gramophone."

"I'm gonna love you like nobody's loved you, come rain or come shine." For a brief moment at Manhattan's St. Regis hotel, the '30s notion that hearts were made to be broken was revived. The spiritualist: former Liverpooldian **Mabel Mercer**, 73, who began singing 60 years ago and went on to become the

OSCAR ABDOLAH



MERCER PUNCTUATES A SONG

Madame de Sévigné of the supper clubs. Seated in a Louis XV armchair, Mercer held the kind of wry musical conversation on affairs of the heart that has made a minor art form of ballad singing and influenced singers from **Billie Holiday** to **Barbra Streisand**. Aware that it is her phrasing and timing rather than her voice that turns the most banal ballad into a timeless vignette, Mercer says cryptically, "It's all in the punctuation."

International Love Object **Elizabeth Taylor**, 41, makes news consistently by divorcing, making movies, acquiring jewels and suffering physical travails. The scar-worn star is now back in the hospital at U.C.L.A. recovering from surgery for removal of an ovarian cyst. To date, Elizabeth's medical history would make **Marcus Welby** a millionaire: in 30 years, she has had 33 operations. Perhaps because Taylor's medical crises have sometimes coincided with her emotional traumas, visitors to her VIP hospital suite are carefully screened. Among the privileged few allowed to help her recuperate are Old Friend **Peter Lawford** and former Used-Car Dealer **Henry Wyngberg**, Elizabeth's current companion.

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FRENCH ACTRESS CAPUCINE FLAUNTS A GIVENCHY AT VERSAILLES



LIZA MINNELLI (SECOND FROM RIGHT) WITH AMERICAN MODELS



MODERN LIVING

Franco-American Follies

The Chapel of Louis XIV at Versailles was resplendent on that morning in 1770 when the dauphin (later Louis XVI) married Marie Antoinette of Austria. Sunlight pierced the stained-glass windows, illuminating the frescoed ceiling and the embroidered brocades and silks of the guests—the aristocracy of Europe and a few lords from the colonies. It was a state affair, too sublime for common folk. Only nobles whose coats of arms bore many quarterings were permitted inside Versailles's marble walls and mirrored hallways. All went smoothly until a thunderstorm rained out a postnuptial display of fireworks.

Some 200 years later, royalty's ragged remnant as well as the restless rich and those who aspire to such status still crave an invitation to Versailles. They are even willing to pay \$235 a head for a floor show and supper in the now-termite-infested palace. Of course, the servants must be bewigged, the brocade and baubles as abundant as in the days of Louis and Marie. And so it was last week, thanks to a whim of American Fashion Publicist Eleanor Lambert.

While summering in France, Lambert told Gerald van der Kemp, curator of Versailles, that it would be "so nice" if American designers could get some more exposure in France. Why not a joint showing with their French counterparts? Why not indeed, said Van der Kemp, who proposed that the royal palace, which needs restoration, be both the site and the beneficiary.

It was arranged: five top French couturiers, including Pierre Cardin and Hubert de Givenchy, would reach across the Atlantic to Halston, Anne Klein, Oscar de la Renta, Stephen Burrows and Bill Blass. Together they would have a ball scarving, belting, bigskirting or otherwise adorning the likes of Liza Min-

nelly, Josephine Baker and Capucine. The performers, together with ordinary mannequins, would stage a kind of high-budget vaudeville called "Le Grand Divertissement à Versailles." The money? Ah, yes, patrons like the Baroness Marie-Hélène de Rothschild would angel the operation, and people like Amanda Burden, Princess Grace, the Charles Revsons and Karim Aga Khan would lend their glamorous names as sponsors. Last week it all happened, more or less as planned. But as with the 1770 fireworks, there was rain on the big parade. In fact, the preparations preceding the show demonstrated just how bad Franco-American relations can be even where NATO is not involved.

Worst Experience. The rehearsals were chaos, with virtually no communications between U.S. and French organizers. The Baroness said privately—but not privately enough to keep it a secret—that the American acts were "cheap." Anne Klein observed: "This has been the worst experience of my life. When this is over we are all going to relax and have a nervous breakdown."

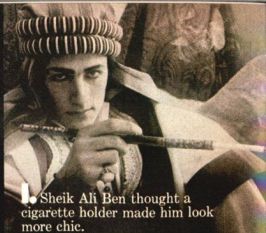
Most of the Americans quickly got the perhaps paranoid feeling that the French were out to humiliate them. The French performers and models rehearsed first and consistently ran several hours late. While the Americans waited their turn well into the first night, their hosts provided no food, not even water. The next night, when a dinner break was demanded, a *femme* Friday offered three petite cartons of finger sandwiches; a ravenous crew of 60 came close to mutiny.

The models complained about the absence of the usual niceties like towels, toilet paper, ashtrays and waste baskets in the chilly dressing rooms; Klein, promising that "my girls aren't going to

BERENSON, MINNELLI & HALSTON. MIDDLE: FRENCH FOREIGN AFFAIRS SECRETARY DE LIPKOWSKI, BARONESS MARIE HELENE DE ROTHSCHILD & PRINCESS GRACE. BOTTOM: SINGER JOSEPHINE BAKER

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MODERN LIVING

live like pigs," bought two garbage pails. During changes of costume, one model said, "Strange men walk in and out. We should get \$500 an hour for working in the nude." Those problems were relatively minor compared with an inexplicable slip-up: Lighting Director Patricia Collins mailed a detailed list of equipment requests weeks in advance, only to find blank stares and shrugs from the French instead of lights. Borrowing whatever spotlights the French could spare, Collins gallantly remarked: "It's not possible to fix blame anywhere."

U.S. Revenge. Some of the gaffes were ascribed to language problems. French functionaries often failed to grasp American needs. "What is a 36 C?" bellowed a confused stagehand across the *faux* marble columns of the proscenium arch of the Gabriel Theater. "I've got to get one for Liza."

The Americans did quite a bit of squabbling among themselves, but at showtime they triumphed. Though none of the designers had bothered to whip up much that was new for the event, the audience gushed over jerseys and swirling chiffons from New York. To the booming rhythm of steady applause—as well as pounding tom-toms—feline black and white models slithered and strutted in Anne Klein's safari-inspired beachwear. No one was sure, however, whether the real attraction was the halter-topped duds or the barefoot and bare-bellied models. When *Girl-about-the-World* Marisa Berenson glittered onto the stage in a Halston original, there was little doubt: Berenson was dolled up for the Folies-Bergère in breast-to-toe transparent spangles.

"We should have realized that the Americans would know how to put on a show," grumbled Ungaro, one of the participating French designers. Compared with the flair and jive of the American segment, the French came across like a dancing school recital. Everybody had a gimmick, and the gimmick, sadly, was floats. "Floats? You mean horses making a mess on the stage?" was the initial reaction of Joe Eula, stage designer for the American representatives. Actor Louis Jourdan—looking beastly in rhinoceros ears—danced in and out of an Ungaro circus wagon pulled by a fellow rhino. Dior's giant pumpkin ported a chiffon-draped Cinderella to the ball. For laughs, no one could match that old showman, Pierre Cardin, who launched a cardboard spaceship piloted by models in futuristic leotards and tunics.

At the final dip of the curtain, the diamond- and emerald-studded guests fairly crackled into the royal apartments for a candlelit midnight supper of truffles, smoked salmon, duck with cherries, and a variety of pâtés. Beside each place setting rested a little token—perfume, soap and after-shave lotion—*grâce à* Revlon. There were even some door prizes—expensive frocks, of course. Even the very rich, it seems, take handouts.

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Viewpoints

THE CORPORATION, to be seen Thursday, Dec. 6, on *CBS Reports* (10-11 p.m. E.S.T.), powerfully demonstrates that that archetypal figure of the '50s, the Organization Man, is still very much alive—and thinks he is well.

He seems to flourish best in small, company-dominated towns like Bartlesville, Okla., headquarters of Phillips Petroleum Co., the nation's 36th largest corporation. Producer-Writer-Reporter Jay McMullen uses Phillips employees to demonstrate in vivid human terms the truth of the generalization that a large number of Americans are eager to trade most of their autonomy as individuals in return for the security and group identification that the organization offers.

What sets McMullen's documentary apart, turns it into a cautionary tale the impact of which is close to tragic, is its central figure, William W. Keeler, 65, who retired earlier this year as Phillips' chairman and chief executive officer. Like every Phillips leader before him, he had devoted his entire life to the company and to the search for his room at the top, sacrificing most of the pleasures of family and leisure along the way. McMullen picks him up a few months before retirement, as he undertakes his last major task for Phillips: making smooth the transfer of power to his hand-picked successor, William Martin, 56.

Tough, quiet-spoken and by no means an unattractive figure, Keeler nevertheless gives the impression of a spirit deliberately blunted, an intellect deliberately narrowed in order to achieve his goal. He makes it across the finish line—a retirement banquet at which he receives diamond-and-emerald cuff links patterned after the Phillips trademark—only to pay, at last, the

price for his unquestioning belief that what was good for the corporation was good for him and, indeed, for everybody else. Keeler is now under investigation for authorizing an illegal corporate donation to the Committee for the Re-Election of the President.

The corporation's official position is that Keeler authorized the donation "without the approval or knowledge of the board of directors." As McMullen says: "Yet to be explained is how one officer can dispatch \$100,000 of corporate funds without the knowledge and acquiescence of other senior officers." McMullen's account of Keeler's triumph and downfall—both based on the fallacy of loyalty to an institutional structure rather than to himself and to generally accepted standards of moral accountability—adds up to one of television's fine hours. ■ Richard Schickel

CATHOLICS is a play that, according to the ads, you do not have to be Catholic to love. Maybe not, but Catholics of all stripes must have found something particularly provocative in this rich, fine and haunting "fable," which last week got CBS's revived *Playhouse 90* series off to a splendid start.

The action is set in the near future. The Fourth Vatican Council has come and gone, the Latin Mass and private confession are outlawed, and the church's ecumenical embrace is even touching Buddhists. Theological liberalism and social activism, canonized by Rome's authority, have become the new orthodoxy. Rome is still Rome, however, ready to enforce the new dogmas with some of the same thumbscrew pressure that it once used to enforce the old.

When the Vatican hears that pilgrims are flocking to a remote coastal town in Ireland to hear a Latin Mass and make their confessions, it dispatches

young Father James Kinsella (adroitly underplayed by Martin Sheen) to put down the insurrection. Fashionable in Castroesque fatigues and shouldering a musette bag, Kinsella drops by helicopter into the rebel stronghold, an ancient island monastery called Muck Abbey.

The young priest's confrontation with the monastery's father abbot (Trevor Howard) is the heart of the drama, trenchantly adapted by Brian Moore from his own 1972 novella. Moore's point seems to be not so much the changes in the church as the problems they pose for the individual conscience. Abbot Tomás, his face all crags and valleys and wind-worn heaths, carries the weight of the story's dark irony. He has nurtured the old ways, it turns out, to protect the faith of simple people—but it is a faith in which the abbot himself can no longer find any solace.

Executive Producer Sidney Glazier saw to it that the contest is played out against the right backdrop: Irish locations, filmed lovingly by Gerry Fisher, and a cast of splendid faces, as hard and gnarled as blackthorn walking sticks. As directed by Jack Gold, *Catholics* fairly aches with monkish verisimilitude. When Kinsella's arrival at the abbey prompts Father Manus (a delightful cameo by Cyril Cusack) to rustle up a feast of fresh salmon, the viewer can almost taste it.

In *Catholics*' chill and poignant ending, the abbot capitulates to Rome, then has to repair the shattered faith of his charges by leading them in prayer, a communal task he has long avoided. He knows, as he begins to pray, that the action will plunge his bleak but compassionate soul into an endless spiritual void. As the camera closes in on Howard's tortured, searching eyes, it captures all the anguish of the dark night of the soul. ■ Mayo Mohs

TREVOR HOWARD (INSET); CYRIL CUSACK CELEBRATING MASS IN *CATHOLICS*



PHILLIPS' KEELER IN *CORPORATION*





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Discovering a Black Hole

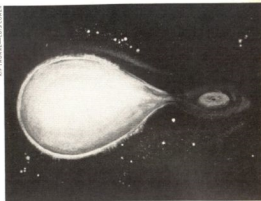
Even though it is based on Einstein's general relativity equations, the concept strains belief. If a star is large enough—at least three times as massive as the sun—it will eventually die in a grand cataclysm. As its nuclear fires begin to burn out, the stellar gases, no longer supported by heat and radiation, begin falling toward the star's core. Moving at tremendous velocities, they crush together, forming a sphere only two or three miles across, so dense that each cubic inch of material weighs trillions of tons. The small sphere has a gravitational field so strong that no radiation—even light—can escape from what has become a totally invisible "black hole."

If the theory is correct, there could be countless black holes among the billions of stars in every galaxy. But if no light or other radiation can escape from the bizarre objects, how can astronomers prove that they really exist? The answer may lie in the constellation Cygnus (The Swan), where scientists are now almost certain that they have located a black hole. Its presence was hinted at in 1971 by the first earth-orbiting X-ray satellite Uhuru, which detected a strong and widely fluctuating flow of X rays from Cygnus. Scientists suspected that the ra-

diation source, which they named Cygnus X-1, was a pulsar, or neutron star, the result of a different form of stellar collapse. But the uneven fluctuations bore no resemblance to the steady bursts of radiation from other pulsars.

Shortly thereafter, radio astronomers, using their more sharply focused antennas, picked up radio signals from the area. That gave a much more precise fix on Cygnus X-1, letting other astronomers train big optical telescopes on the site. There they found a huge star, a so-called class-B supergiant, at least 20 times as massive as the sun. It was traveling erratically through space, as if it were being tugged by a smaller companion star moving around it. From this gravitational pull, astronomers figured that the unseen star had at least three times the mass of the sun.

Was the invisible companion a black hole? In 1967 Soviet theoreticians had suggested that if a black hole were orbiting a larger, visible star, it would draw gases from the star. As those gases spiraled toward the black hole, they would collide, compress and heat up to as high as 100 million degrees—enough to produce an intense flow of X rays. Recent findings by NASA's new Copernicus earth satellite strongly support this scenario. Cygnus X-1 shows a sharp de-



DRAWING OF BLACK HOLE ORBITING A STAR
A cataclysmic death.

crease in X-ray emissions every 5.6 days. That, according to optical astronomers, seems to be the time it takes the bright star's unseen companion to make one trip around it. In other words, every 5.6 days the black hole passes behind the visible star. Thus, the supergiant partially blocks the X rays, resulting in the fluctuations observed on earth.

The combined calculations and observations add up to the best proof yet that a black hole has been found.

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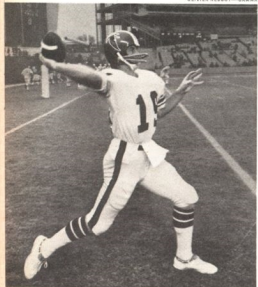
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 **BELL & HOWELL**

General Lee's Legion

Going into the fourth Sunday of the season, the Atlanta Falcons had lost two consecutive games without scoring a single touchdown. They seemed to be on the brink of disintegration. The San Francisco 49ers were winning 10-0, and now a disgruntled home-town crowd had to watch the embarrassing spectacle of two Falcons—Fullback Art Malone and Tight End Jim Mitchell—angrily slapping each other around after a

OLIVIER ROBERT—GEMPA



ATLANTA'S LEE
Back from the brink.

muffed play. The fight symbolized the Falcons' frustration better than any statistics of futility on offense or defense.

No Falcon was more frustrated than Bob Lee, a tall freckle-faced redhead. At 28, Lee had been an N.F.L. quarterback for four years, but had started in only eleven games. He came to Atlanta from the Minnesota Vikings confident that he "could win the starting job." But a training-camp injury slowed him down, and Coach Norm Van Brocklin went with well-traveled N.F.L. Veteran Dick Shiner.

When Shiner was hurt in the 49ers contest, Lee was the man Van Brocklin turned to, and he promptly moved the team downfield for two quick field goals. Though the Falcons lost once more (13-9), Lee somehow seemed to have turned them into a team. The next week, with Lee still calling signals, Atlanta buried the Chicago Bears 46-6. The Falcons have been soaring ever since. Going into last weekend, they had won seven in a row and were challenging the Los Angeles Rams for first place in the Western Division of the National Football Conference.

The difference is largely Lee. He can be a deadly drop-back passer, picking zone defenses apart with consistent accuracy, or a slippery scrambler. In sending the Vikings to their first loss of the season, Lee left defensive stalwarts Carl Eller and Alan Page grabbing air time after time until his receivers had the opportunity to cut into the open. Since taking over the Falcons, Lee has hit for ten touchdown passes while completing 56.6% of his throws.

Just as important, Lee has lifted Falcon morale. Originally nicknamed "Howdy Doody" by Van Brocklin, Lee is now called "the General" by his teammates. He claps his hands with infectious enthusiasm before the team huddles and after he calls the plays (all sent in by Van Brocklin, a former quarterback). When Lee is tackled he hops up off the ground and claps again. "I'm not afraid to admit it when I've made an error," he says in his low-key way. His teammates appreciate that style. "Lee never eats us out when he gets sacked," marvels Offensive Tackle Bill Sandeman. "He simply tells us, 'Let's get it together, guys.'"

Aside from the suddenly explosive offense, the guys have got together a formidable defense that is anchored by End Claude Humphrey. "We're just a good young ballclub that is maturing," says Lee, who has matured quite a bit himself from the days when he watched pro football in San Francisco, where he grew up. While a teen-ager, he worked as a part-time Associated Press sports reporter and diagrammed plays for his high school team. Now Atlanta fans unfurl banners proclaiming themselves LEE'S LEGION. And, quite unexpectedly, they may find that their general has a chance to do battle in the Super Bowl.

On Thin Ice

First they lost their cheerleaders, then their paychecks, and finally the New York Golden Blades lost their home and name. The cheerleaders, called the Golden Belles, were hoisted off the ice for their hockey pregame shows. The paychecks stopped when the last-place team went broke and only resumed when the World Hockey Association stepped in to keep the team skating. Then the Blades were evicted from Madison Square Garden and forced to relocate in Cherry Hill, N.J., a suburb of Camden, as the Jersey Knights.

The problems of the Blades-Knights are unique in degree but not in kind; big-league hockey is in trouble. Average attendance in the W.H.A. is a dismal 5,200 per game. None of the twelve teams has turned a profit since the league was founded two years ago. In the established National Hockey League, where sharp play and packed arenas were traditional, attendance has begun to slip,

and there is a shortage of top performers. "There used to be 18 true professionals on each team," says Bobby Hull, the former Black Hawks star who is now player-coach of the W.H.A. Winnipeg Jets. "Now there's an influx of mediocre pros, guys who don't put out every night. There's an inability to perform the fundamentals. The skating isn't keen, the passing is off, and the hitting is not strong."

It is not difficult to find the reason. Hockey has expanded faster than any

UPI



HOUSTON'S GORDIE HOWE
Turning to the raw and overripe.

other professional team sport—so fast that it is still in a state of shock. The N.H.L. has grown from six to 16 teams since 1967. The rival W.H.A. added another twelve. Staffing 22 new teams required increasing the number of pro skaters, more than 90% of whom are reared in Canada, from about 100 to more than 500. Finding so many first-class prospects in hockey's existing farm system proved impossible.

The dilution of talent has sent some teams scrambling to Europe, of all places, in search of players. The faltering Toronto Maple Leafs recruited two Swedes. The teams have also turned to the raw and the overripe. N.H.L. rosters this year contain 60 rookies, some of them getting \$100,000 or more. At the other end of the age scale, Tim Horton, 43, has been lured out of retirement to steady a young Buffalo Sabres defense. So has Gordie Howe, 45, the legendary Detroit Red Wings star, who could not resist a big contract from the W.H.A. Houston Aeros to form the only father-son trio in hockey with his sons Marty and Mark.

The uneven level of players inevi-

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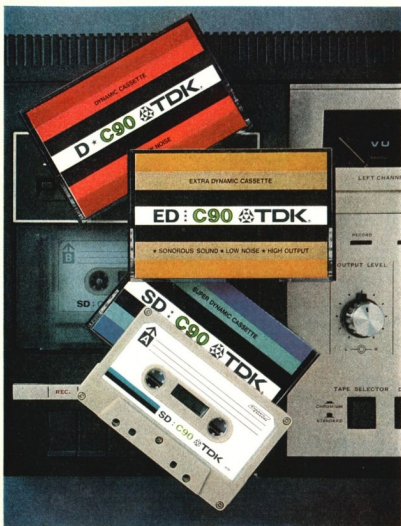


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SPORT

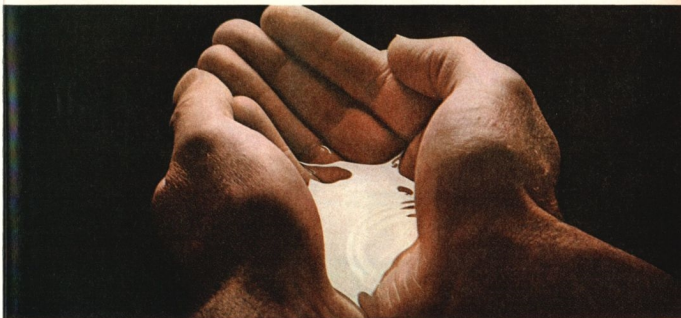
tably produces imbalanced play." "You can still see good hockey on given nights in both leagues," says Hull, "but on other nights teams can stink." Earlier this season, for instance, the impoverished California Golden Seals skated into Boston like somnambulists. Losing 4-1, they challenged the Bruins' goalie with only 19 shots during the entire game—offensive ineptitude equivalent to that of a football team that cannot cross mid-field more than two or three times in a game. The New York Islanders displayed their own brand of indifferent play through the entire season last year, winning twelve of 78 games while giving away twice as many goals as they scored.

Fans are hardly captivated by that kind of competition. This year, for the first time in 192 consecutive home games, Boston Garden was not filled to capacity for a Bruins game. Overall league attendance last year was 7% less per game than six years ago. Even in Canada, hockey's heartland, interest appears to be on the decline. The nationally televised Saturday night game of the week slipped slightly in the ratings last year. As avid a fan as Canadian Senator Keith Davey, who concedes that "I always organize my life around hockey," admits that he went to "a lot fewer games last year."

Signs of Life. In some cities, hockey shows healthy life signs. The game has caught on in Atlanta, where thousands of fans follow the expansion Flames, a young team that is displaying play-off potential in the Western Division of the N.H.L. The Buffalo Sabres and Philadelphia Flyers, also expansion teams, are doing well. Ironically, the team that has benefited most from expansion is the one that needed help the least—the Montreal Canadiens. Under the direction of General Manager Sam Pollock, the Canadiens have exploited expansion to replenish their bench and keep their dynasty in power. Unlike Washington Redskins Coach George Allen, who trades football draft choices for veterans, Pollock trades veterans for future draft selections.

Two years ago, for instance, he engineered a dazzling deal that brought Guy Lafleur, a top minor-league prospect, to Montreal. Having already procured the California Seals' first-round draft pick in an earlier trade, Pollock helped ensure that the Seals would finish last and therefore have the first choice of rookies. He accomplished this by selling a reliable veteran center, Ralph Backstrom, to the Los Angeles Kings, who were struggling with the Seals to stay out of last place. Backstrom's arrival kept the Kings out of the cellar. Pollock is such a shrewd trader that the Canadiens consistently come up with a spectacular crop of rookie stars; as a result, Montreal has won the Stanley Cup six out of the past nine years. "Expansion," says Pollock, "has been a great thing." What is great for Pollock, however, is not necessarily great for hockey.

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Burger Beefs

Once while sitting as a trial judge, Chief Justice Warren Burger listened patiently as a young prosecutor presented nearly an hour of expert testimony on fingerprint evidence. Burger naturally assumed that the case would hinge on a disputed fingerprint. To his consternation, he eventually discovered that the fingerprint was not in question at all; the defense accepted it. Not for the first or last time, Burger had been victimized by a familiar courtroom figure: the inept trial attorney.

Unsure of himself and his field, such a lawyer often bogs courts down in otiose efforts to cover every unthought-of contingency; or, at the opposite extreme, he may sink a client's case by missing a critical point. After 42 years as a practicing lawyer and judge, Burger has sadly concluded that perhaps as many as one-half of all lawyers who appear in American courts are incompetent. Last week, in a speech at Fordham Law School, the Chief declared that it was

high time special additional training and testing be required before a lawyer may call himself a trial advocate.

In fact, most of the 355,000 lawyers in the U.S. rarely enter a courtroom; they stay in their offices drawing up contracts, wills or divorce papers. But any U.S. lawyer is entitled to practice any kind of law he wishes. As a result, said the unhappy Chief, "The courtrooms of America all too often have 'Piper Cub' advocates trying to handle the controls of 'Boeing 747' litigation."

British Model. Burger urged that the regular law school course of three years be compressed into two, so that a third year for prospective trial lawyers could be devoted to courtroom training. He also suggested that this third year be followed by a few years of apprenticeship practice not unlike medical residency programs.

Burger's legal model is the British system, under which some 300,000 solicitors defer to 3,000 barristers for all courtroom advocacy. The resulting professionalism speeds the trial process and

tends to prevent a case turning primarily on the uneven skills of opposing advocates. Critics contend that the clubbiness of British barristers sometimes leads them to pull punches rather than fight for the best interests of clients. But Burger feels that too many U.S. lawyers push the adversary system to the other extreme and brawl to an unreasonable degree that wastes court time.

Many lawyers were pleased that someone of the Chief's stature had finally addressed the problem. "Judges and lawyers have been talking about this privately for years," commented Federal Appeals Court Judge Irving Kaufman, "but they've hesitated to say it publicly." Most attorneys who now specialize in trial work will doubtless support the proposal; for opponents, Burger had a warning: "The views of practitioners who are affected cannot be controlling any more than we allow the automobile or drug industry to have control of safety or public health standards. There are 'consumers' of justice whose rights and interests must have protection."

A Dressing Down for Not Dressing Up

When such weighty concerns as inept trial lawyers are not on his mind, Chief Justice Burger can get his pique up about remarkably picaresque matters. Lately he and some fellow Justices have been smoldering about the attire of attorneys appearing before the Supreme Court.

Burger was particularly upset by an incident in October. A woman lawyer about to argue a case told Court Clerk Michael Rodak, "All I own are pantsuits. Should I go out and buy a dress?" Rodak checked with Burger and reported back that the Chief had said "no to pantsuits in no uncertain terms." Apparently unimpressed, the woman appeared in a pantsuit.

Three weeks ago a male attorney showed up in an outfit for which, one Justice allowed, "unharmonious would be a kind term." The attorney's chief sartorial sin: wearing a patterned brown shirt and a clashing patterned red tie. The departure from white-shirted tradition prompted whispered comments while the unfortunate fellow argued his case. Muttered one Justice: "We're just getting old-fashioned, I guess."

The old, old fashion was, of course, morning suits for all. Once, in the 1890s, when a young attorney showed up in "street clothes," Justice Horace Gray was overheard growling, "Who is that beast who dares to come in here with a gray coat?" In recent years, a dark business suit has become acceptable, though the Solicitor General and his male staff members still represent the U.S. in cut-aways and striped trousers. As for Dep-

uty Solicitor General Jewel Lafontant, she has designed a cutaway-inspired jacket and striped skirt.

But as more and more women follow in the footsteps of Shakespeare's Portia, inquiries like the one on the pantsuit seem more likely. For instance, Watergate Prosecutor Jill Volner has been an eyecatcher as she cross-examines at Judge John Sirica's court in boots and a mini. Would the same attire pass

muster before the "nine old men"?

Firmly against too many liberties where dress is concerned, Burger has ordered Clerk Rodak to draw up a new, more detailed dress code. Rodak reports: "It will say that male lawyers should wear a dark suit, with a vest if possible, a conservative tie and black shoes." Women will be discouraged from wearing sweaters or pants. "The dress," says one Justice, "should be appropriate to a serious undertaking such as a court proceeding."

SHAKESPEARE'S PORTIA ON STAGE (1916); JUSTICE'S LAFONTANT; PROSECUTION'S VOLNER



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MILESTONES

Died. Albert DeSalvo, 42, confessed "Boston Strangler"; of multiple stab wounds; at Walpole State Prison in Massachusetts. DeSalvo was sentenced to life imprisonment in 1967 for armed robbery, assault, and sex offenses against four women. Although he admitted during his trial to the strangling of 13 women between 1962 and 1964, he was never charged because of a lack of supporting evidence; later he recanted. Stabbed 16 times by an as yet unidentified slayer, DeSalvo is the fifth Walpole inmate to be murdered this year.

Died. Laurence Harvey, 45, veteran of more than 60 films, who first won fame in America as Joe Lampton, the ambitious cad in *Room at the Top* (1958); of cancer; in London. Harvey played handsome, heartless lady-killers in such hits as *Butterfield 8* and *Darling*, and was the brainwashed political assassin of *The Manchurian Candidate*.

Died. Fred Apostoli, 59, "the fighting bellhop" of San Francisco who became an amateur boxer while working as a hotel elevator boy and won the world middleweight championship in November 1938; of a heart attack; in San Francisco.

Died. Dr. Arthur C. Logan, 64, civil rights leader in the National Urban League and a former director of New York City's Hareyou-Act, a forerunner of national poverty programs; in a fall from a viaduct; in Manhattan. One of the first black graduates of Columbia University's medical school, Logan was physician to both the late Rev. Martin Luther King and Duke Ellington.

Died. Charles Evans Whittaker, 72, a former Supreme Court Justice; of a ruptured aorta; in Kansas City, Mo. A high school dropout who returned to school to study law, Whittaker rose to prominence as a Missouri trial lawyer and was appointed to the high court by Eisenhower in 1957. A judicial conservative, Whittaker consistently held claims of individual liberty to be outweighed by the needs of government, cast the deciding vote in 40 cases that ruled against an extension of civil rights and upheld actions against the Communist Party and alleged members. He resigned from the court in 1962 on doctor's orders.

Died. Constance Talmadge, 73, Brooklyn-born comedienne of the silent film era best known for her roles in *Polly of the Follies* and *Her Sister from Paris*; after a long illness; in Los Angeles.

Died. David Ben-Gurion, 87, a founder and the first Prime Minister of the state of Israel (see THE WORLD).



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THE THEATER

Salome's Revenge

THE VISIT

by FRIEDRICH DUERRENMATT

Like Bertolt Brecht and Max Frisch, Switzerland's Friedrich Duerrenmatt is one of those didactic dramatists who regard the theater as a classroom, the stage as a blackboard, the pen as a pointer and the playgoers as barely educable dolts. These playwrights take a dim view of man, dividing the species into two arbitrary categories: predators and prey, the fleecers and the fleeced. No one would deny that such characters are abundantly present in life, but to see the entire pattern of human behavior in

VAR WILLIAMS



ROBERTS & McMARTIN IN VISIT

One-eyed vision.

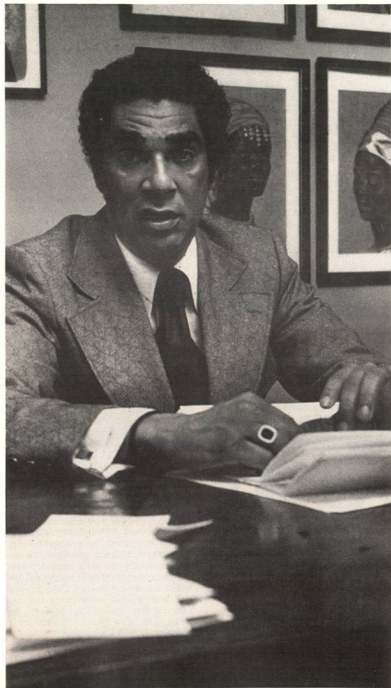
these terms is one-eyed vision. As propounded in *The Visit*, currently being revived by the New Phoenix Repertory Theater, the lesson of the one-eyed is: Everything can be bought.

This old and unreliable cliché remains in vogue precisely because it is a comfort to the cynically inert conscience. Why risk a moral stance if evil, greed and calculated self-interest will invariably win out? Win they certainly do in *The Visit*. Clara Zachanassian (Rachel Roberts), a middle-aging, much-married multimillionaire, has come back to her impoverished home town of Gullen with a rather special proposition. She will bestow half a billion marks on the town and another half a billion to be divided equally among its citizens in return for what might be called Salome's revenge.

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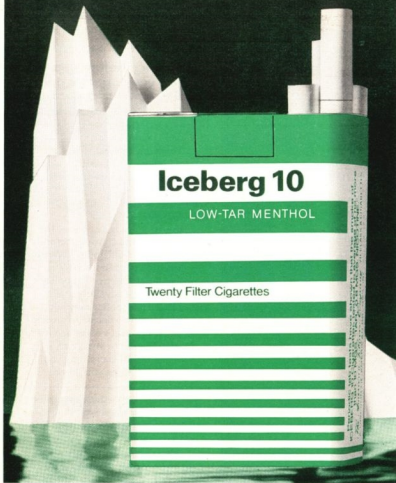
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Av. Per Cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '73.

9 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '73

THE THEATER

the life of her then youthful betrayer Anton Schill (John McMartin), now an amiable, bumbling shopkeeper and a town favorite. Responding in outrage, the townspeople treat Clara's offer as a macabre joke. However, they promptly proceed to plunge into debt on the supposition that Clara will bail them out without the sacrificial killing. Finally faced with the alternatives of penury or plenty, the citizens stage a trial in which Schill is condemned to death as a kind of enemy of the people.

The play is tricked out with melodramatic devices that keep it moving suspensefully, though often with a heavily ironic tread. Always fastidiously attentive to detail, Harold Prince has directed in the mode of stylized Expressionism, which helps mask gaping implausibilities in the writing.

While the two leads can scarcely dispel the powerful memory of the 1958 Lunt-Fontanne production, they establish their own interpretations with unstrained validity. Rachel Roberts brings a commandingly icy meanness to Clara while hinting at a lost tenderness. In recent seasons, John McMartin has established himself as an actor of distinctive range. He has played the disenchanted author in *Follies*, the skeptical servant Sganarelle in Molière's *Don Juan*, and the mask-divided soul Dion Anthony in O'Neill's *The Great God Brown*. Now, as the hero of *The Visit*, he is initially bland, wistfully nostalgic about his early romance, then terrified and finally stoically resigned. Paradoxically, his work, as well as that of the rest of the cast, refutes the play's central theme. Money alone could never buy it. ■ T.E. Kalem

Humorist Goes AWOL

THE GOOD DOCTOR
by NEIL SIMON

Except for the rare and freakish abnormality, nature never violates the integrity of its forms. One cannot imagine, for example, nature grafting a giraffe's neck onto the body of a hippopotamus and topping it off with a chipmunk's head. Yet man, the born tinkerer, is forever fashioning hybrids out of his art forms. With reckless profusion, novels are turned into plays, plays into musicals, musicals into movies and vice versa. This is partly a matter of crass commerce, partly of dried-up imagination, and partly of pure madness.

In the case of Neil Simon, such tinkering may more accurately be described as an affectionate whim, an experimental doodle by a humorist who has chosen to go temporarily AWOL. He has taken some Chekhov short stories, and with a fond, undeviating respect, adapted them into a kind of narrative revue. The show is knit together by a commentator, "The Writer" (Christopher Plummer), who is made up to look very much like the great and good dramatist and doctor.

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MARTHA DOOP



PLUMMER IN DOCTOR
Hybrid art.

is that if Chekhov had thought that any of these stories had the makings of plays, even one-acters, he would have written them that way. In second-guessing Chekhov, Simon merely confirms that Chekhov made the right decision in the first place. A further drawback is that Simon and Chekhov are not on the same wave length of humor. Simon's forte is the self-deprecatory one-liner with a New York Jewish accent. Chekhov's humor contains a deep-flowing Slavic melancholy together with a riotous farcicality. Compassionately, his work embraces the innate foolishness in all of humanity. Atmosphere and nuance, all-important in Chekhov, are not Simon's strength, and having a sort of *Fiddler on the Roof* band concerting on stage for 20 minutes before curtain time does not a Russia make.

The sketches are pretty wispy stuff, ranging from a government clerk sneezing on a general at a most inopportune moment to a dental student ecstatically extracting a tooth to a virago making life pluperfect hell for a gout-prone bank manager. The second half of the show is distinctly brighter and breezier than the first. The entire cast is not only exemplary, but extraordinarily versatile, and Christopher Plummer, as usual, provides superior acting with facile, enviable ease.

"Doc" Simon, as he is known, has provided so much pleasure to so many playgoers over the years that he is certainly entitled to prescribe a brand of entertainment that exerts a tonic effect on him. If the comic medicine seems a trifle watery on this occasion, it still possesses more potency than the dramatic quick remedies so often booked off on Broadway. ■ T.E.K.

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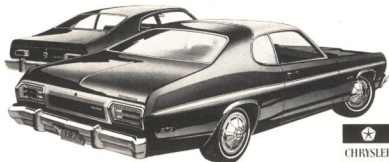
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EDUCATION

Japanese Bonanza

Some of Japan's corporate executives are amused at the way they keep running into each other these days. They meet at fund-raising luncheons where their unlikely hosts are a succession of scholars and officials from American universities. Harvard's Far Eastern Specialist Edwin O. Reischauer (*Beyond Vietnam: The United States and Asia*) was back in Japan recently for the third time in five months, "to thank them for what they have done and to ask them for more."

What the Japanese have done is shower money, in sums of \$1,000,000 or

who was teaching at Doshisha University in Kyoto, suggested that Japan's largest trading house might spare that amount to endow a chair at Harvard Law School, and Mitsubishi agreed. Not to be outdone, the rival Sumitomo group gave \$2,000,000 to Yale in June; four months later, Mitsui promised \$1,000,000 to M.I.T. (from which a Mitsui founder graduated in 1878).

Although Japan's multibillion-dollar *zaibatsu* will hardly miss the money, they have no tradition of corporate giving and get no tax exemption for it. So why the sudden generosity toward U.S. higher education? The motive seems to be one of enlightened self-interest: anything that improves Japan's image in the U.S. is not likely to hurt sales of Japanese goods. Says Sumitomo Executive Giichi Miyasaka: "The Americans get angry about the seemingly obtrusive attitude of the Japanese, but they have not made much effort to discover why the Japanese act like that." He hopes that expanded studies of Japan in the U.S. will help create more understanding and good will.

Nobody has tapped this sensitivity to image more than Harvard's Reischauer. In Japan six weeks ago he accepted a check for \$1,000,000 from Nissan Motor Co.; a similar sum was soon pledged by Toyota, Japan's other leading carmaker. But the former Ambassador to Japan (1961-66) will need all his diplomatic skill to achieve his ambitious goal: he is seeking funds to set up a \$15 million Japan Institute at Harvard, and he hopes to get two-thirds of the money from Japan.

This month the United Nations General Assembly is virtually certain to approve a plan that would expand the range of Japanese largesse to international education. The Japanese government wants a United Nations University to be built at the new academic town of Tsukuba, 45 miles northeast of Tokyo. First proposed by U Thant in 1969, U.N.U. would have no formal classes or degrees but would be a sort of international think tank for the study of world problems. In addition to its main campus, it would have branches round the globe.

Several nations, including Canada and Tunisia, have offered to provide a site for the university's headquarters. But Japan recently won the overwhelming approval of the General Assembly's Economic Committee by pledging \$100 million toward the university's proposed endowment of \$400 million. It will also pay half the yearly operating expenses and the entire cost of land and buildings.

Some Japanese complain that the project is too costly, even for prosperous Japan, and that the money would be better spent on the country's own overcrowded universities. To be sure,



REISCHAUER ACCEPTING NISSAN CHECK
Contributing to better understanding.

more, on a handful of U.S. universities that offer at least some Japanese studies. The total so far is \$16 million, but there is almost certainly more to come. While the Japanese government has given \$1,000,000 to each of ten U.S. universities,* the fund raisers have their sights set on the great industrial combines that do extensive business with the U.S. The universities have already discovered that they can sometimes get money from such Japanese firms simply by asking.

The first corporate million came from giant Mitsubishi a little over a year ago. Harvard's Jerome Alan Cohen,

*Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Princeton, Michigan, Chicago, University of California at Berkeley, Stanford, Hawaii and the University of Washington at Seattle.

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EDUCATION

none of the other interested nations felt that they could afford anything like the Japanese pitch. Which is, of course, why the Japanese offer seems to be one that the U.N. Assembly can hardly refuse.

Critic's Cricket

"About ten years ago," says Author-Critic Clifton Fadiman, 69, "I began to get less interested in grownups and more interested in children." A lifelong addict-pusher of good reading for adults (Book-of-the-Month Club judge, author of *The Lifetime Reading Plan*). Fadiman has now set out to hook the grade-school crowd. From his hilltop home in Santa Barbara, where he is also preparing a critical history of children's literature, Fadiman is editing a brisk new magazine called *Cricket*.

Billed as the first literary magazine for children since the famed *St. Nicholas* faded away in the '30s, *Cricket*

JIM COLLISON



EDITOR FADIMAN & FRIEND

Against the cheap and violent.

(price: \$1.25 per issue) mercifully does not talk down to its readers. It offers a good range of literate, mind-widening material—fairy tales, poems, tongue twisters, articles on space and sport. Illustrations are mostly in black and white. "There is no substitute for the written word and the well-drawn line," says Fadiman. "We want *Cricket* to act as a neutralizer against the cheap, the sensational and the violent."

In the first two issues, reprints of pieces by such authors as T.S. Eliot, Black Poet Gwendolyn Brooks and H.A. Rey (*Curious George*) outnumbered original contributions. But new material dominates the two most recent issues (November and December), in which the contributors include Novelist Isaac Bashevis Singer and the prolific children's writer Elizabeth Coatsworth. Assisted by such diverse characters as the Unhappy King of Gargantak and the Two-Toed Tree Toad, *Cricket* has already attracted more than 100,000 subscribers.

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A Happy Year to Be Grimm

A look at this year's illustrated children's books suggests that Gresham's law may have gone over the rainbow and mysteriously reversed itself. For once, the good appears to be driving out the bad. Specifically, the good is the republication of some of the most popular illustrators of the past. There are reissues of John Ruskin's *King of the Golden River*, brief selections from Kate Greenaway's 1881 *Mother Goose* and an edition of *Great Swedish Fairy Tales* by John Bauer. Among the best reissues, too, are some of Arthur Rackham's *Grimm's Fairy Tales*, and a collection of N.C. Wyeth's paintings and illustrations, including such children's classics as *Treasure Island*, *Kidnapped* and *The Last of the Mohicans* (see color pages). These are joined by books by the occasional contemporary artist, like Peter Spier, with a fondness for history and artistic craftsmanship.

No one can be sure whether this windfall for young readers is due to chance, publishers' desire to move with the current run on nostalgia or to a natural re-emergence of a need for detailed illustrations and stories with beginnings, middles and endings. There is one hard fact that may partly account for fine reprints with handsome pictures. Since the Government cutback on book-buying funds for libraries, which account for as much as 65% of children's book sales, the market is shrinking. This year alone, juvenile-book divisions have cut back their output by 26%. Redoing a classic can be an easy way to sure value.

Terror and Wonder. Through all the golden retreats and business uncertainty shines *The Juniper Tree*, a splendid mixture of the old and new. Essentially, the package is 27 Grimm fairy tales published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux in two boxed volumes for \$12.95. Four tales were translated by the late poet Randall Jarrell. The remaining 23 are the work of the novelist Lore Segal (*Other People's Houses*). The illustrations—one per story—were done by Maurice Sendak, who at 45 is the Little King of the children's book world.

Yet *The Juniper Tree* is not really a children's book. Mrs. Segal has succeeded in restoring to Grimm the passion, terror and wonder that had been bowdlerized in nearly all the English translations since they first appeared in 1823. Indeed, Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm did not have children much on their minds when they sent friends and relatives throughout rural Germany to collect verbatim 210 tales that they edited and published between 1812 and 1815. The Brothers Grimm were scholars and linguists. Their bedtime stories were *Ur-texte* in the marshy land of Indo-European folklore.

The Juniper Tree even has the compact look of early 19th century German books. Unlike the platter-sized Victorian English editions of Grimm, the two *Juniper* volumes are small. Sendak's pen-and-ink drawings, executed to scale, measure only 3½ inches by 4½ inches. But like Dürer's *Little Passion of Christ*—an influence Sendak gladly acknowledges—the effect is monumental. Sendak tricks the eye. Rabbits, crows, cats, dogs, devils, skeletons, peasants, princesses loom enormously from the small page. Menace, ecstasy, mirth and wisdom fill the eyes of the animals, as well as such familiar characters as Rapunzel and Snow White.

There is an authority in Sendak's line detail and composition that permits comparison with such illustrators as John Tenniel and Edward Lear. His

DAVID GANE



MAURICE SENDAK WITH ERDA

Grimm pictures draw on a tradition that encompasses not only the lessons of 15th and 16th century engraving but the lyricism of English illustrators of the 1860s. There is even a personal touch. The stocky shapes and inward gaze of some of Sendak's bearded peasants suggest the vanished rural world of Polish Jewry that Sendak's father migrated from early in the century.

For all their fantasy, the tales thrive on very real love, hate, envy, greed, murder and even cannibalism. As Translator Segal notes, nowhere in all the Grimm fairy tales can one find a single fairy. The term seems to have been popularized in England about the time when the Grimm stories were being translated and prettified for children. Take *Snow White*, for example: in most bowdlerized versions, the wicked stepmother orders the huntsman to bring back Snow White's heart. In the original folk story, it is her lungs and liver that the bad lady wants—so that she



RAPUNZEL



RABBIT'S BRIDE



HANSEL AND GRETEL

ARTHUR RACKHAM'S GRIMM



THE QUEEN BEE. Two ducks bring the key to the Princesses' room from the lake.

TOM THUMB waves goodbye to his father from the brim of the stranger's hat.



THE VALIANT TAILOR squeezes some cheese between his hands somehow convincing a giant that he is crushing a stone.



N.C. WYETH'S CLASSICS



THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS. The fight between Le Renard Subtil and Le Gros Serpent.



THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER. The astrologer leaves the tower.



THE WHITE COMPANY. "Sir Nigel sustains England's honor in the lists."



ROBIN HOOD and his companions shoot from



ambush behind a beech tree in Sherwood Forest.

ROBINSON CRUSOE is thunderstruck at seeing a footprint on the island.



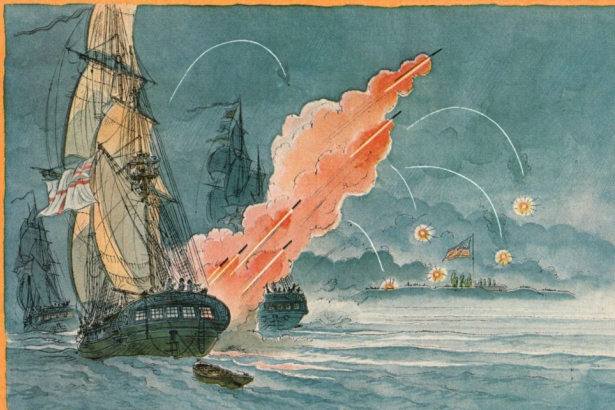
TREASURE ISLAND. Captain Bill Bones keeps an eye out for the Black Spot.



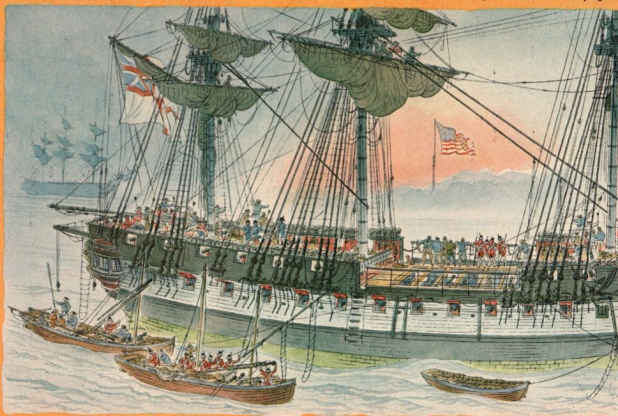
KIDNAPPED. The Jacobite Alan Breck defends the ship's round-house.



PETER SPIER'S HISTORY



THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER by Peter Spier. British ships assault Fort M'Henry in 1814 by rockets' red glare and dawn's early light.



can eat them. The dwarfs, incidentally, are always vegetarians.

More profound alterations can be seen in *The Frog King*, known popularly as *The Princess and the Golden Ball*. It is the tale of the repulsive frog who retrieves the little lady's toy from a pond on condition that she take him back to the palace to share her plate and bed. In many modern versions, the standoffish princess eventually kisses the frog, who instantly becomes a handsome, marriageable prince. In the original, the brat smashes the frog against a wall, and the bridegroom springs magically from the breakage. This is obviously not a sentimental story with a moral such as love conquers all. The ancient theme of painful resurrection is unmistakable.

Death and transfiguration are at the heart of many of Grimm's tales, most notably in the title story *The Juniper Tree*. A young mother dies and is buried under a juniper tree. The father remarries a woman who, greedy for his inheritance, kills his little son. She disposes of the body by cooking it in a stew that the father then eats. Little sister, who knows what is up, sadly buries the bones under the juniper. Magically, the boy is transformed into a gaudy bird who eventually kills the stepmother and then is reborn again as a boy.

Sweaty Tales. It does not take much of a scholar to see that this tale contains handcrafted versions of the mythical phoenix rising from its ashes and even the mystical rites of transubstantiation. But common to all fairy tales is the happy ending. In *The Story of One Who Set Out to Study Fear*, ignorance is bliss if it enables the hero to over-



HIGGLEY PIGGLEY POPI (1967)
Goodbye to Jennie.

come terrors from which wiser men would flee. In *Hans My Hedgehog*, ugliness is a curse to be broken by magic. In *Fitcher's Feathered Bird and Brother Gaily*, cleverness and sharp practice can outwit the Devil, even the keeper of heaven's gate. Above all, the tales are sweaty with human nature. Time and again, the message seems to be: "Don't tinker with the order of things." Yet this message is repeatedly mocked by the irrepressible truth that man is an incurable tinkerer.

In order to pack the richness of these tales into his illustrations, Sendak spent years soaking himself in myth and lore. He studied German and traveled to the mountains and forests where German children hear the originals. During this time, Sendak and Segal winnowed their favorite stories from the original 210. "By the time I was ready to draw," says Sendak, "I felt that the stories were my

own." Indeed, he even put his German shepherd Erda into *Hansel and Gretel*.

It is just such painstaking possession of his materials that earned Sendak his reputation. In 20 years, he has illustrated and/or written more than 70 books. He has won every important children's book prize in the U.S. In 1970, he became the first American illustrator ever to be awarded the Hans Christian Andersen Medal. Sendak's books sell by the hundreds of thousands all over the world and are read by children in Arabic, Japanese and Afrikaans.

Sendak has spent most of his life sitting home alone and drawing. His work is profoundly personal, not to say passionate, and he never condescends to children, as he puts it, "those poor misbegotten people who are supposed to have only half a brain." The long climb began in Brooklyn, N.Y., in 1937 when Sendak was nine. He and his older brother Jack wrote and illustrated books that they hand-lettered, decorated and bound with tape. By the time he was in high school, he was illustrating homework instead of doing it. Afternoons and weekends were spent working for All American Comics, where he adapted Mutt and Jeff strips for comic books.

To the Top. After high school, Sendak took a job with a Manhattan window-display house, where he constructed papier-mâché and plaster models, including Snow White and the seven dwarfs. "It was the *schlock* of the 1930s that made up my creative mentality," says Sendak. He continues: "Two years ago, I saw Walt Disney's *Pinochio* and loved it, even though the Blue Fairy looked like Joan Bennett and Cleo

Trio in Color

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES illustrated by Arthur Rackham, 128 pages. Viking. \$6.95. A predictable score of Grimm old favorites (samples: *The Fisherman and His Wife*, *The Robber Bridegroom*) with color and black-and-white pictures from the 1909 Rackham edition. The original English translation by Mrs. Edgar Lucas is laced with "prithes" and "shan'ts." (The flounder says to the fisherman, "I shan't be good to eat.")

The Grimm illustrations brought Rackham, who died in 1939, his first great success. But he went on to do nearly everything from Scrooge to Cinderella, from *The Sleeping Beauty* to *The Wind in the Willows*. Rackham's gnarled giants, dark woods and pallid, feathery Edwardian maidens still compel—and the price of this new edition is commendably low.

N.C. WYETH: The Collected Paintings, Illustrations and Murals edited by Douglas Allen and Douglas Allen Jr., 335 pages. Crown. \$29.95. More than a dozen of N.C. Wy-

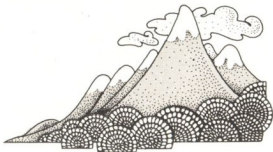
eth-illustrated Scribner's Classics (*The Yearling*, *Westward Ho*, *The Black Arrow*, *The Deerslayer*, etc.) are still in print in hardback from \$6 to \$10. This year Scribner is offering fancy paperback editions, at \$3.95, all with original color, of Stevenson's *Treasure Island* and *Kidnapped*, Cooper's *The Last of the Mohicans* and Sidney Lanier's *The Boy's King Arthur*.

Wyeth was trained by Howard Pyle and influenced by Michelangelo. His rich colors, massive compositions and skill at texture and light have made the brooding and heroic moments he painted almost as memorable as the celebrated stories he chose to illustrate. Wyeth fanciers who can't get enough of the great man's work by dusting off their old books or peering over their children's shoulders should try this fine volume, which lovingly reproduces hundreds of Wyeth's pictures, briefly recounts his life, and concludes with a 127-page bibliography of books, periodicals, dust jackets, postcards, newspapers, prints and folios that carried illustrations by Newell Convers Wyeth.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER illustrated by Peter Spier. Unpaginated. Doubleday. \$5.95. Author-Illustrator Spier, 46, an academy-trained artist who grew up in Holland and migrated to the U.S. in 1952, is one of the finest creators of children's books alive. He researches historic subjects (*The Erie Canal*, *London Bridge Is Falling Down*) for months, then meticulously re-creates an era in delicate pen-and-ink with pale watercolor washes. This time, with his customary blend of beauty and utility (opposite page), Spier presents the 25-hour bombardment of Fort McHenry in the War of 1812.

The text mainly consists of lines from the song's forgettable and often unsingable lyrics. Spier first switches back and forth from the British fleet to the American defenders, then moves on to scenes from American history or contemporary life to illustrate the closing stanzas. Spier's pictures bear long study and show everything from the new Congreve rockets used in the attack, to gunners' swabs, sextants, belaying pins and the running rigging of a fleet of British men-of-war.

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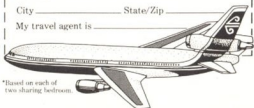
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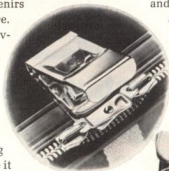
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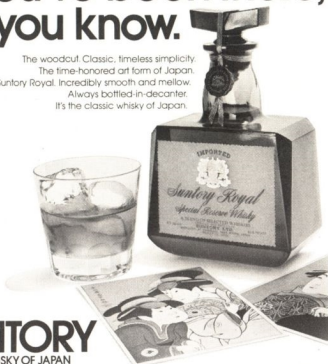


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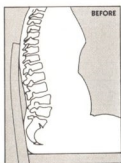
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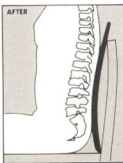
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good-bye**



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BOOKS

the Goldfish looked like a drag queen." In 1951, Sendak's first published illustrations appeared in a children's book called *The Wonderful Farm*. Success started a year later when he illustrated Ruth Krauss's popular *A Hole Is to Dig*. But it was the books he both wrote and illustrated that moved him to the top of the anemic children's book field. Most widely read is *Where the Wild Things Are* (1963). It is the story of naughty Max, who is sent to bed supperless for, among other things, chasing the dog with a fork. Clad in his "wolf pajamas," Max petulantly transforms his bedroom into a jungle and sets off to become King over a race of easily cowed creatures who seem to be the offspring of the Minotaur and a Teddy bear.

Perfect Mix. *Wild Things* was loved by children but frowned on by many adults who thought its cheerful recognition of a child's ferocious anger and will to dominate would be unsettling. *Higglety Pigglety Pop!* or *There Must Be More to Life* (1967) perhaps comes closest to Sendak's ideal of the perfect mix of original conception, words and pictures. It is the waggish tale of Jennie, a Sealyham terrier. Jennie is the dog "who has everything," yet leaves home because, as she says, "there must be more to life." Carrying her Gladstone bag in her mouth, she sets off for new experiences, which include being a nursemaid for a baby who will not eat and losing her charge to a lion who will eat anything. Jennie finally lands on all four feet in the World Mother Goose Theater's staging of the nursery rhyme: "Higglety pigglety pop! The dog has eaten the mop!" The book is never cutesie or cloying. Like *Alice in Wonderland* it can transform a narrative non sequitur into art. At its best, it achieves levels of fond comedy that are more touching if you know—as Sendak's readers rarely do—that the author actually had a Sealyham named Jennie who died in 1967.

With *In the Night Kitchen* (1970), Sendak returned to nocturnal fantasy. Mickey, its naked hero, falls past his sleeping parents and into a cake batter



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Duke Ellington on the Hammond Piper



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What you *couldn't* get was an organ simple enough to learn on, but sophisticated enough to still be fun later on.

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(You know the wa-waa sound a trumpet makes? *That's* a dynamute effect.)

You can even get a Piper with an optional, built-in cassette recorder.

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Look, if you're a real organist, there are 35 Hammonds to choose from. And there isn't one I wouldn't recommend.


But if you're just starting, and what you mainly want is a good time, look at a Piper.

After a few days, I wouldn't be a bit surprised if you started sounding a little like Duke Ellington.

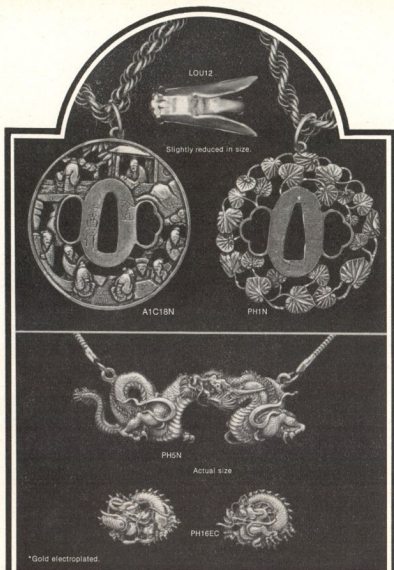
Well...at *least* a little like Count Basie."

A large, stylized handwritten signature of Duke Ellington in black ink.

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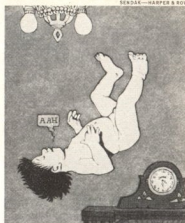
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BOOKS



IN THE NIGHT KITCHEN (1970)
Cracking out of the crust.

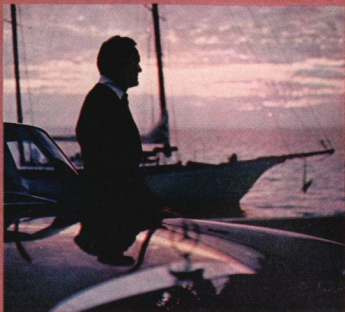
being mixed by three bakers who resemble Oliver Hardy. Rejecting this sweet fate, Mickey leaps out, fashions an airplane from bread dough and flies to the top of the Empire State Milk Bottle, where he cracks out of his crust like some reborn pre-Columbian corn god and crows in the new day.

Controversy struck a second time. A naked boy in a children's book?! In Louisiana and Pennsylvania, Mickey's budding privates were painted over by nervous librarians. One Mrs. Grundy suggested that "Cock-a-Doodle Doo" be changed to "Whoop-de-do." Otherwise sensible critics muttered darkly about masturbation fantasies.

Sendak was astonished and depressed. *Night Kitchen* was written after he suffered a heart attack in 1967. At the time, moreover, his mother was dying of cancer, a disease that would shortly kill his father as well and even the dog Jennie. "The only thing that held me together," he says, "was working on *Night Kitchen*." When Mickey cries "Cock-a-Doodle Doo!" from atop his milk-bottle skyscraper, it was quite literally Sendak's own rude celebration of life over death.

Ready to Move. Sendak, a bachelor, lives and works in a ten-room house set on seven acres in Ridgefield, Conn. Sendak calls it his Franchot Tone house; indeed it is right out of a '30s movie about genteel life in the New England suburbs. It is also a perfect setting for Sendak's antiques, rare prints and perhaps the finest collection of Mickey Mousiana east of Anaheim. With these things around him, as well as his German shepherd and a golden retriever named Io, Sendak is a man completely ready to move on to more—and perhaps even better—work. He is thinking of a TV cartoon special for CBS as well as illustrations for an unpublished story by Randall Jarrell. He is also deeply committed to editing and illustrating a children's story dictated to him by his father just before he died. It tells of an immigrant boy who leaves his family in Europe to try for a new life in America.

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Other Notables

MOTHER GOOSE illustrated by Kate Greenaway. Unpaginated. Evergreen Press. \$2. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Spratt look a bit like Lord Byron and Lady Caroline Lamb at dinner. But this slender facsimile reprint of selected Mother Goose rhymes does reasonably well by the grainy, graceful, pastel charms of Victorian Illustrator Kate Greenaway's 1881 original.

CATHEDRAL: The Story of Its Construction by David Macaulay. 80 pages. Houghton Mifflin. \$6.95. This marvelous book recreates the building of a French Gothic cathedral, from the hewing down of half a forest to the placement of the last sheet of lead on the spire. Macaulay, a young architect, uses voluminous knowledge and pen-and-ink sketches, accompanied by a brief, clear narrative. He shows how to design and build a flying buttress, cast a bell in bronze, use the mortise-and-tenon method on the roof beams. By changing his viewpoint, he also powerfully conveys the immense rook-filled heights of the cathedral.

A GREAT BIG UGLY MAN CAME UP AND TIED HIS HORSE TO ME: A Book of Nonsense Verse illustrated by Wallace Tripp. 46 pages. Little, Brown. \$5.95. An apogee of anthropomorphism that takes a collection of crazy quatrains and lurid limericks literally and presents men and animals behaving comically like people. Wallace Tripp can do more with a sulky young rabbit, or a fox glumly watching water pour through his tattered umbrella, than anyone would think possible.

NO KISS FOR MOTHER by Tomi Ungerer. 40 pages. Houghton Mifflin. \$5.95. Piper Paw is a bad-hat young cat who cannot abide being called Honey Pie by his mother, Mrs. Velvet Paw. Nor can he stand her icky kisses. After plying the little creep with Casserole of Mole In-nards, mother finally slaps son into silence. He buys her yellow roses and they come to a kissless domestic stalemate that is better than their sweet-and-sour past. A very sharp and funny book.

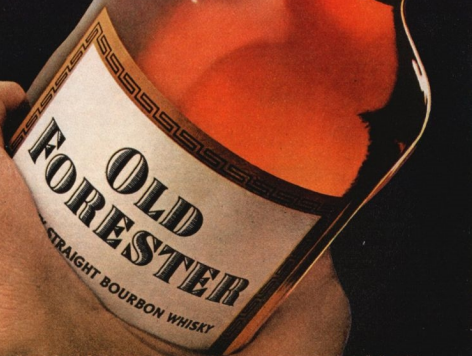
GREAT SWEDISH FAIRY TALES illustrated by John Bauer. 239 pages. Delacorte/Seymour Lawrence. \$7.95. These slightly static stories introduce a world of fearless children who come to no harm, questioning princes, and, above all, trolls and tomtes. Trolls, as everyone knows, are huge, gnarly creatures. They have tails, live for three or four thousand years, and seem to be fond of putting children into frying pans. Tomtes, on the other hand, are small (ten inches tall), benign and clever. The illustrator, John Bauer, who died in 1918, seems to have been Sweden's answer to Arthur Rackham and Howard Pyle. A fondness for somber colors makes him a good deal better at painting trolls than princes.

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DONALD SUTHERLAND & JULIE CHRISTIE IN NICOLAS ROEG'S *DON'T LOOK NOW*

CINEMA

Second Sight

DON'T LOOK NOW
Directed by NICOLAS ROEG
Screenplay by ALLAN SCOTT
and CHRIS BRYANT

This is a film of deep terrors and troubling insights—one that works a spell of continual, mounting anxiety. It concerns the supernatural and has an eerie, dreadful power, but it is not simply a scare show; it is in the tradition of *The Turn of the Screw*, not *The Exorcist*. *Don't Look Now* uses the occult and the inexplicable as Henry James did: to penetrate the subconscious, to materialize phantoms from the psyche.

Director Roeg, formerly a cameraman (*Petulia*) has made two previous films: *Performance*, which he co-directed, and *Walkabout*. Both had a disquieting beauty, a dreamlike sense of dislocation and, most of all, a reliance on the visual vocabulary of the cinema to build and sustain the narrative. *Don't Look Now* is Roeg's best work so far—the most deliberate and contained. Much of the movie's power comes from images that carry a kind of glancing, indefinable threat and remain in some dark corner of the imagination. They are immediate but not quite real, like Pinter's language or a Bergman scene.

The film is being billed as "Daphne Du Maurier's *Don't Look Now*," but a reading of the Du Maurier story from which the adaptation has been made makes one appreciate Roeg and Screenwriters Scott and Bryant all the more. Film and story share certain basic elements of plot and an ending of cruel surprise. The story is detached, almost cursory. Roeg and his collaborators have constructed an intricate, intense speculation about levels of perception and reality. Thanks also to the superb performances of Donald Sutherland and Julie Christie, *Don't Look Now* has in abundance what most other excursions into the supernatural lack: rigorous psycho-


logical truth and an emotional timbre that is persuasive.

Sutherland and Christie play a married couple, John and Laura Baxter, whose daughter has recently drowned in a pond on their country property. Leaving their surviving son in school, the Baxters depart for Venice, where John is restoring a 16th century church. The movie gives a compelling sense of the city not as a romantic tourist spot, but as a cold, purgatorial place, a labyrinth full of mute threat. It is, as one character describes it, "like a city in aspic at a dinner party where all the guests are dead and gone."

The Baxters meet two sisters, one of whom is blind and psychic. The sisters (well played by Hilary Mason and Clelia Matania) reassure the couple of the happiness of their dead daughter. But they sense danger, too. They tell Baxter that his life is in peril while he remains in Venice. He does not believe them, but he is bothered by strange premonitions, and by the persistent reappearance of a small figure in a hooded red raincoat—the garment his daughter was wearing when she drowned.

Roeg has made this darting figure in red into an embodiment of Baxter's guilt over his daughter's death. Reinforced by Pino Donnagio's fine score, Roeg creates a world where everything seems to have a repercussion. He has composed the film with a series of interrelated visual metaphors—glass breaking under a bike wheel, tiles being crushed under a shoe. He also heightens the suspense by stressing the idea of simultaneity: as simple as a window being closed and a door blowing open, or as complex as water being spilled onto a color slide, making the red dye run, and a little girl in a red raincoat sinking into a pond. Every shot and image is like a tile in the mosaic of the church under restoration. Each fits together, forming at last a picture already prescribed, perhaps fated.

Don't Look Now is such a rich, com-



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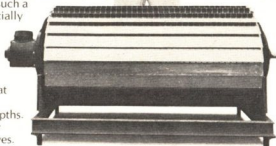
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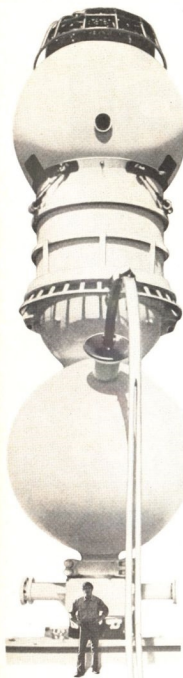
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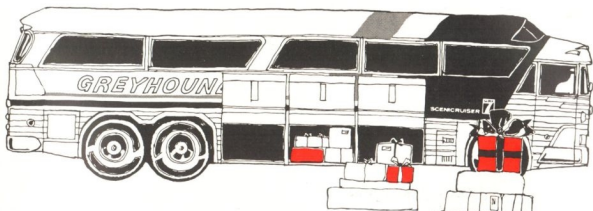
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by the late master...as
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previous collections!"***

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"Any subject suited Nash's genius, and in his cornucopia they range from a comment on a *New York Times* headline, 'Goose Population Gains High Level,' to 'Sexual Politics,' a memo to Kate Millett."

—*William Hogan,
San Francisco Chronicle

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CINEMA

plex and subtle experience that it demands more than one viewing. Roeg's insistence on the power of the image, his reliance on techniques of narrative that are peculiarly cinematic, remind us how undemanding and perfunctory so many movies still are. Roeg's is one of those rare talents that can effect a new way of seeing.

■ Joy Cocks

Not So Ill Wind

BREEZY

Directed by CLINT EASTWOOD

Screenplay by JO HEIMS

Breezy is not just another May-September romance; it is more of a March-January sort of thing. He (William Holden) is a divorced real estate salesman inhabiting the only gloomy and unenviable modern house in Southern California. She (Kay Lenz) is a vagrant hippie who lands on his doorstep one morning and, after some suitably mature reluctance on his part, in his bed a little later. He is weary and wise, she is innocent and wise, and they spend altogether too much time exchanging mutually edifying homilies while Director Eastwood searches for camera placements that tend too much toward the lyrical or the portentous. In time they split up—more maturity—then come back together again; after all, it is 1973, and everybody (including matinee audiences) is entitled to a little happiness.

Breezy should be an ill wind but is not—not all the time, anyway. It is affecting in its weird little way. Maybe because it is pleasant to find anything animated by the romantic spirit at the movies these days. Maybe because Writer Heims has a saving, cynical sense of humor. Maybe because Eastwood has an easy way with actors that is far easier, more relaxed than his fussy manner with the camera. But probably most of all because Bill Holden, 55, is still an astrigent, no-nonsense sort of actor, and his old-pro integrity is matched by the artless, awkward sincerity of Newcomer Lenz.

■ Richard Schickel

LENZ & HOLDEN IN BREEZY



If you think...



**Warren Court
is a new kind
of tennis surface...**

**Cease and desist
is a South American
dance team...**

**Arraignment
is something you
wear when there's a
90% chance of
precipitation...**

You'd better turn to us for help.

Perhaps no one is that out of touch with matters dealing with justice and the law. But it does take a lot of doing to keep in touch with the astonishingly quick changes that are taking place these days.

For example, people may know that "plea bargaining" isn't asking for a raise by whining, but do they know what it really is?

They stand a better chance than most if they're regular listeners to one of the seven CBS Owned

AM stations. Because to keep you on top of the news, it's our job to get to the bottom of things.

In the emotionally charged areas of crime, civil rights and justice, each of our stations can list a long record of accomplishments.

In Philadelphia, WCAU Radio produced an eight-part, award-winning series with former U.S. Attorney General Ramsey Clark, "Law vs. Justice."

Still another award winner was the eleven-part analysis of the state ballot measure on capital punishment, presented by KCBS Newsradio, San Francisco.

The daily "Report on Law Enforcement" by WCBS Newsradio, New York, has run the gamut from an explanation of the parole system to a documentary on the activities of decoy policewoman "K.O. Kathy," which featured a

dramatic recorded radio exchange between Kathy and her backup team as she was being approached by a mugger.

In addition to the literally hundreds of special programs and editorials like these, each of our stations is also reporting, within minutes, local and national news dealing with crime and justice.

So a person listening to one of our stations will never be caught thinking that a "plainclothesman" is an indifferent dresser. He'll know what he really is, what he does and how he relates to the law enforcement picture as a whole.

The CBS Owned AM Stations

We feel responsible
to over 60 million people.

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WCBS Newsradio 88, New York
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WBBM Newsradio 78, Chicago
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Two dashes of Angostura aromatic bitters, to be specific.

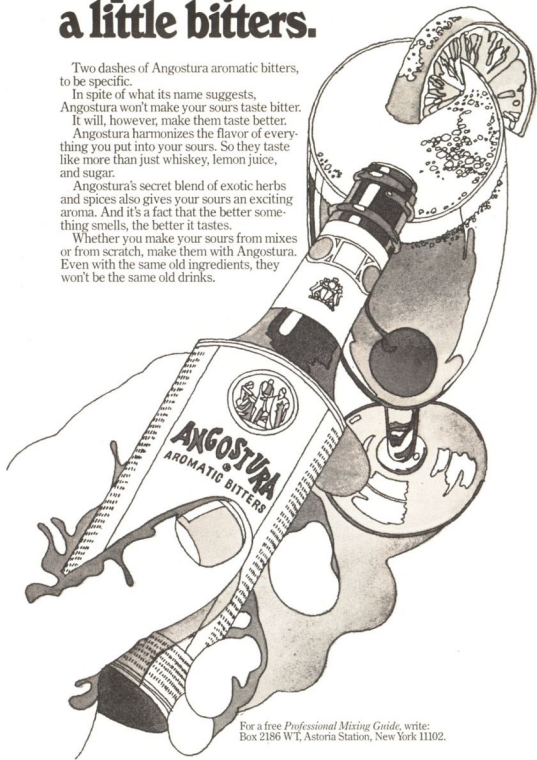
In spite of what its name suggests, Angostura won't make your sours taste bitter.

It will, however, make them taste better.

Angostura harmonizes the flavor of everything you put into your sours. So they taste like more than just whiskey, lemon juice, and sugar.

Angostura's secret blend of exotic herbs and spices also gives your sours an exciting aroma. And it's a fact that the better something smells, the better it tastes.

Whether you make your sours from mixes or from scratch, make them with Angostura. Even with the same old ingredients, they won't be the same old drinks.

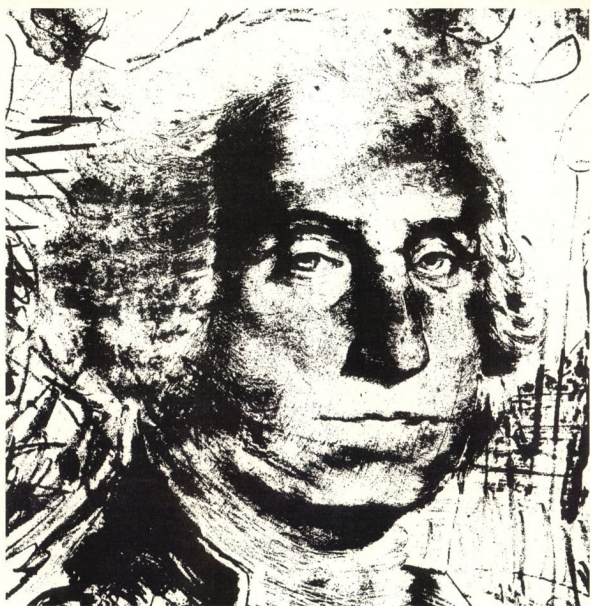


For a free *Professional Mixing Guide*, write:
Box 2186 WT, Astoria Station, New York 11102.

A photograph of a cemetery with numerous white headstones arranged in rows. A large, dark tree trunk is prominent in the center-left. The scene is set in a grassy area with some trees in the background.

Highway Safety... The Stakes Are High

 A DEADLY REMINDER
TEAMSTERS



Original lithograph by Roland Pöke

"You cannot conceive the uneasiness which arises from the...want of so essential an article as money." —George Washington (1782)

What was true in 1782 is equally true today, perhaps more so. As a financial institution, we are in the business of assisting you in the accumulation of that all essential article—money—so you and your family could enjoy a happier, richer life, free of all financial uneasiness.



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Progress Against Cancer

Doctors are becoming increasingly certain that immunology—the study of the body's natural defenses against illness—will eventually provide the key to understanding and controlling cancer. Last week that conviction was strengthened when some 2,000 of the world's foremost medical scientists met in Manhattan under the joint sponsorship of the American Cancer Society and the National Cancer Institute to report their progress in human cancer research. Among the most recent findings:

► There is new evidence that the main cancer villains are viruses, submicroscopic packets of nucleic acids that can invade cells and take over their genetic machinery. Using immunological techniques to identify antigens (the substances that trigger the body's defenses), Dr. Donald Morton of the University of California at Los Angeles has found signs of viral activity in human sarcomas, or cancers of connective tissue. Drs. Werner and Gertrude Henle of the University of Pennsylvania have studied an intruder known as the Epstein-Barr virus in cells from victims of Burkitt's lymphoma, a tumor of the lymph glands. They have also studied the virus in cells of patients with nasopharyngeal carcinoma, a malignancy of the nose and throat. Joseph Melnick of Baylor College of Medicine has determined that antibodies formed by the body to combat the herpes Type 2 virus*, which often causes sores in the genital area, are found more frequently in women with cervical cancer than in those who are free of the disease. Previous research has already revealed that women who have had genital herpes are eight times as likely to develop cervical cancer as those who have not.

► Ever since virus-like particles were first observed in the milk of women with family histories of breast cancer, many women with similar family histories have worried about whether they can breast-feed their infants without transmitting the disease. Their concern is apparently unwarranted. Laboratory studies have so far failed to disclose the presence of antigens or antibodies that would prove that the particles were indeed viruses. Nor has research established that the particles cause malignancies. Dr. Brian Henderson of the University of Southern California reported at the Manhattan meeting that he had studied 317 women with breast cancer and a carefully matched control group. He found that the number of women who had themselves been breast-fed was about the same in each group.

► Doctors have been experimenting with immunotherapy—stimulating the immune system to recognize and combat

cancer—for several years. Dr. Carl M. Pinsky of Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center in New York injected BCG, a live-bacteria anti-tuberculosis vaccine, directly into the lesions of 39 patients with malignant melanoma, a rare form of fast-spreading cancer that starts on the skin. In eight of the patients, there was noticeable regression of at least some of the treated lesions; twelve others had regression in all of the sores injected with the vaccine. Two others fared even better. They have experienced complete regression of all lesions and have been completely cancer-free, one for a full year, the other for two.

Horror Story

"The drama played out here was not a fantasy contrived to satisfy a casual fancy for morbid amusement; it was real, permanent and tragic."

This was the presiding judge's description of the five-month trial that concluded last week in his Sacramento, Calif., courtroom. The plaintiff was Albert Gonzales, 32, a former grocery clerk, who charged that his doctor, Orthopedic Surgeon John Nork, 45, had performed a back operation that was not only unnecessary but has prevented successful treatment for a cancer that is slowly killing him. As a result of Nork's admission of guilt, Judge B. Abbott Goldberg awarded Gonzales a huge malpractice judgment. He ordered Mercy Hospital, where the operation was performed, and Nork to share in payments of compensatory damages of \$1.7 million and directed Nork alone to pay punitive damages of \$2,000,000.

Gonzales testified that he had gone to Nork in 1967 with spondylolisthesis, or forward slippage, of the fifth spinal vertebra. Often, this condition requires no treatment at all. Surgery is considered only if there are persistent troublesome symptoms. Nork recommended a lumbar laminectomy, an extremely delicate surgical procedure that involves removing a portion of a vertebra and fusing the adjacent vertebrae.

Upon returning home from the hospital after a four-hour, unsuccessful operation, Gonzales spent most of his time in bed and complaining of pain in his back. He kept his children away from him for fear they would bump him and increase his pain; he became a heavy drinker and made three attempts at suicide. Because of his emotional anguish, Gonzales was unable to accept drug treatment for a testicular cancer discovered three years after the operation. As a result, doctors say, he now has only a 10% chance of surviving three years.

Nork, who has already lost previous malpractice suits for \$495,000 and \$595,000, acknowledged that he had performed the operation badly. He also tes-

tified that the reason for his incompetence was his dependence from 1963 through 1970 on "uppers and downers." He popped stimulants to relieve the depression that followed an illness, then took tranquilizers to calm himself down. Somehow he kept his habit hidden from both his wife and the hospital personnel. He also confessed that he had lied in his two previous malpractice cases. He did so, he claimed, at the urging of attorneys for his insurance company.

He apparently covered up his incompetence as well. Because his operations involved skeletal repair rather than removal of diseased organs, hospital pathologists had no indication that he was performing unnecessary surgery.



DR. NORK AFTER VERDICT
A permanent tragedy.

In fact, in an inadvertent comment on the medical profession's ability—or willingness—to police itself, several colleagues testified at the trial that Nork had a fine reputation.

Judge Goldberg made no attempt to conceal his dismay. In a 196-page decision (which will probably become final on Jan. 30), he branded the doctor "an ogre, a monster feeding on human flesh," who performed unnecessary surgery and did it badly "simply to line his pockets." He characterized the trial as "a Grand Guignol of medical horrors." He also criticized the hospital, which, he said, "has a duty to protect its patients from malpractice by members of its medical staff." Nork is under investigation by the state board of medical examiners, and action is being taken to revoke his license to practice. He also faces many more months in the courtroom. Some 30 suits, asking \$20 million, are still pending against him.

* A variant of the virus that causes cold sores.

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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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